

# AUGUST 2015 - *TRAVELLERS*

VENICE, by S. Foster Damon  
WEST BROADWAY, by Christopher Morley  
TIMBUCTOO, by Guy de Maupassant  
IN THE WILDERNESS, by Morris Rosenfeld  
RIO DE JANEIRO, by Annie Allnut Brassey  
IN THE ORBIT OF SATURN, By R. F. Starzl  
THE ISLAND, by Maurice Baring  
THE CLIFF TEMPLE, by Hilda Doolittle  
LAKE KIVU, by Ewart S. Grogan and Arthur H. Sharp  
IN A COFFEE-SHOP, by H. M. Tomlinson  
FLICKERBRIDGE, by Henry James  
AT BAY ST. LOUIS, by Alice Ruth Moore

## VENICE

by S. Foster Damon

from *Eight Harvard Poets*, EBook #36508

In a sunset glowing of crimson and gold,  
She lies, the glory of the world,  
A beached king's galley, whose sails are furled,  
Who is hung with tapestries rich and old.

Beautiful as a woman is she,  
A woman whose autumn of life is here,  
Proud and calm at the end of the year  
With the grace that now is majesty.

The sleeping waters bathe her sides,  
The warm, blue streams of the Adrian Sea;  
She dreams and drowns languorously,  
Swayed in the swaying of the tides.

She is a goddess left for us,  
Veiled with the softening veils of time;  
Her blue-veined breasts are now sublime,  
Her moulded torso glorious.

The pity that we must come and go--!  
While the old gold and the marble stays,  
Forever gleaming its soft strong blaze,  
Calm in the early evening glow.

And still the sensitive silhouettes  
Of the gondolas pass and leave no track,  
Light on the tides as lilies, and black  
In the rippling waters of long sunsets.

---

## WEST BROADWAY

by Christopher Morley, from *Plum Pudding*  
Project Gutenberg eBook #15794

Did you ever hear of Finn Square? No? Very well, then, we shall have to inflict upon you some paragraphs from our unpublished work: "A Scenic Guidebook to the Sixth Avenue L." The itinerary is a frugal one: you do not have to take the L, but walk along under it.

Streets where an L runs have a fascination of their own. They have a shadowy gloom, speckled and striped with the sunlight that slips through the trestles. West Broadway, which along most of its length is straddled by the L, is a channel of odd humours. Its real name, you know, is South Fifth Avenue; but the Avenue got so snobbish it insisted on its humbler brother changing its name. Let us take it from Spring Street southward.

Ribbons, purple, red, and green, were the first thing to catch our eye. Not the ribbons of the milliner, however, but the carbon tapes of the typewriter, big cans of them being loaded on a junk wagon. "Purple Ribbons" we have often thought, would be a neat title for a volume of verses written on a typewriter. What happens to the used ribbons of modern poets? Mr. Hilaire Belloc, or Mr. Chesterton, for instance. Give me but what these ribbons type and all the rest is merely tripe, as Edmund Waller might have said. Near the ribbons we saw a paper-box factory, where a number of high-spirited young women were busy at their machines. A broad strip of thick green paint was laid across the lower half of the windows so that these immured damsels might not waste their employers' time in watching goings on along the pavement.

Broome and Watts streets diverge from West Broadway in a V. At the corner of Watts is one of West Broadway's many saloons, which by courageous readjustments still manage to play their useful part. What used to be called the "Business Men's Lunch" now has a tendency to name itself "Luncheonette" or "Milk Bar." But the old decorations remain. In this one you will see the electric fixtures wrapped in heavy lead foil, the kind of sheeting that is used in packages of tea. At the corner of Grand Street is the Sapphire Caf  , and what could be a more appealing name than that? "Delicious Chocolate with Whipped Cream," says a sign outside the Sapphire. And some way farther down (at the corner of White Street) is a jolly old tavern which looked so antique and inviting that we went inside. Little tables piled high with hunks of bread betokened the approaching

lunch hour. A shimmering black cat winked a drowsy topaz eye from her lounge in the corner. We asked for cider. There was none, but our gaze fell upon a bottle marked "Irish Moss." We asked for some, and the barkeep pushed the bottle forward with a tiny glass. Irish Moss, it seems, is the kind of drink which the customer pours out for himself, so we decanted a generous slug. It proved to be a kind of essence of horehound, of notable tartness and pungency, very like a powerful cough syrup. We wrote it off on our ledger as experience. Beside us stood a sturdy citizen with a freight hook round his neck, deducing a foaming crock of the legitimate percentage.

The chief landmark of that stretch of West Broadway is the tall spire of St. Alphonsus' Church, near Canal Street. Up the steps and through plain brown doors we went into the church, which was cool, quiet, and empty, save for a busy charwoman with humorous Irish face. Under the altar canopy wavered a small candle spark, and high overhead, in the dimness, were orange and scarlet gleams from a stained window. A crystal chandelier hanging in the aisle caught pale yellow tinctures of light. No Catholic church, wherever you find it, is long empty; a man and a girl entered just as we went out. At each side of the front steps the words *\_Copiosa apud eum redemptio\_* are carved in the stone. The mason must have forgotten the *\_p\_* in the last word. A silver plate on the brick house next door says *\_Redemptorist Fathers\_*.

York Street, running off to the west, gives a glimpse of the old Hudson River Railroad freight depot. St. John's Lane, running across York Street, skirts the ruins of old St. John's Church, demolished when the Seventh Avenue subway was built. On the old brown house at the corner some urchin has chalked the word CRAZY. Perhaps this is an indictment of adult civilization as a whole. If one strolls thoughtfully about some of these streets--say Thompson Street--on a hot day, and sees the children struggling to grow up, he feels like going back to that word CRAZY and italicizing it. The tiny triangle of park at Beach Street is carefully locked up, you will notice--the only plot of grass in that neighbourhood--so that bare feet cannot get at it. Superb irony of circumstance: on the near corner stands the Castoria factory, Castoria being (if we remember the ads) what Mr. Fletcher gave baby when she was sick.

Where Varick Street runs in there is a wide triangular spread, and this, gentle friends, is Finn Park, named for a New York boy who was killed in France. The name reminded us also of Elfin Finn, the somewhat complacent stage child who poses for chic costumes in *\_Vogue\_*. We were wondering which was a more hazardous bringing up for a small girl, living on Thompson Street or posing for a fashion magazine. From Finn Square there is a stirring view of the Woolworth Tower. Also of Claflin's packing cases on their way off to Selma,

Ala., and Kalamazoo, Mich., and to Nathan Povich, Bath, Me. That conjunction of Finn and Bath, Me., suggested to us that the empty space there would be a good place to put in a municipal swimming pool for the urchins of the district.

\_Drawn from the wood\_, which legend still stands on the pub at the corner of Duane Street, sounds a bit ominous these wood alcohol days. John Barleycorn may be down, but he's never out, as someone has remarked. For near Murray Street you will find one of those malt-and-hops places which are getting numerous. They contain all the necessary equipment for--well, as the signs suggest, for making malt bread and coffee cake--bottle-capping apparatus and rubber tubing and densimeters, and all such things used in breadmaking. As the signs say: "Malt syrup for making malt bread, coffee, cake, and medicinal purposes."

To conclude the scenic pleasures of the Sixth Avenue L route, we walk through the cool, dark, low-roofed tunnel of Church Street in those interesting blocks just north of Vesey. We hark to the merry crowing of the roosters in the Barclay Street poultry stores; and we look past the tall gray pillars of St. Peter's Church at the flicker of scarlet and gold lights near the altar. The black-robed nuns one often sees along Church Street, with their pale, austere, hooded faces, bring a curious touch of medievalism into the roaring tide that flows under the Hudson Terminal Building. They always walk in twos, which seems to indicate an even greater apprehension of the World. And we always notice, as we go by the pipe shop at the corner of Barclay Street, that this worthy merchant has painted some inducements on one side of his shop; which reminds us of the same device used by the famous tobacconist Bacon, in Cambridge, England. Why, we wonder, doesn't our friend fill the remaining blank panel on his side wall by painting there some stanzas from Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco?" We will gladly give him the text to copy if he wants it.

---

## TIMBUCTOO

by Guy de Maupassant

from *Maupassant Original Short Stories, Complete*

EBook #3090

The boulevard, that river of humanity, was alive with people in the golden light of the setting sun. The whole sky was red, blinding, and behind the Madeleine an immense bank of flaming clouds cast a shower of light the whole length of the boulevard, vibrant as the heat from a brazier.

The gay, animated crowd went by in this golden mist and seemed to be glorified. Their faces were gilded, their black hats and clothes took on purple tints, the patent leather of their shoes cast bright reflections on the asphalt of the sidewalk.

Before the cafes a mass of men were drinking opalescent liquids that looked like precious stones dissolved in the glasses.

In the midst of the drinkers two officers in full uniform dazzled all eyes with their glittering gold lace. They chatted, happy without asking why, in this glory of life, in this radiant light of sunset, and they looked at the crowd, the leisurely men and the hurrying women who left a bewildering odor of perfume as they passed by.

All at once an enormous negro, dressed in black, with a paunch beneath his jean waistcoat, which was covered with charms, his face shining as if it had been polished, passed before them with a triumphant air. He laughed at the passers-by, at the news venders, at the dazzling sky, at the whole of Paris. He was so tall that he overtopped everyone else, and when he passed all the loungers turned round to look at his back.

But he suddenly perceived the officers and darted towards them, jostling the drinkers in his path. As soon as he reached their table he fixed his gleaming and delighted eyes upon them and the corners of his mouth expanded to his ears, showing his dazzling white teeth like a crescent moon in a black sky. The two men looked in astonishment at this ebony giant, unable to understand his delight.

With a voice that made all the guests laugh, he said:

"Good-day, my lieutenant."

One of the officers was commander of a battalion, the other was a colonel. The former said:

"I do not know you, sir. I am at a loss to know what you want of me."

"Me like you much, Lieutenant Védie, siege of Bezi, much grapes, find me."

The officer, utterly bewildered, looked at the man intently, trying to refresh his memory. Then he cried abruptly:

"Timbuctoo?"

The negro, radiant, slapped his thigh as he uttered a tremendous laugh and roared:

"Yes, yes, my lieutenant; you remember Timbuctoo, ya. How do you do?"

The commandant held out his hand, laughing heartily as he did so. Then Timbuctoo became serious. He seized the officer's hand and, before the other could prevent it, he kissed it, according to negro and Arab custom. The officer embarrassed, said in a severe tone:

"Come now, Timbuctoo, we are not in Africa. Sit down there and tell me how it is I find you here."

Timbuctoo swelled himself out and, his words falling over one another, replied hurriedly:

"Make much money, much, big restaurant, good food; Prussians, me, much steal, much, French cooking; Timbuctoo cook to the emperor; two thousand francs mine. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And he laughed, doubling himself up, roaring, with wild delight in his glances.

When the officer, who understood his strange manner of expressing himself, had questioned him he said:

"Well, au revoir, Timbuctoo. I will see you again."

The negro rose, this time shaking the hand that was extended to him and, smiling still, cried:

"Good-day, good-day, my lieutenant!"

He went off so happy that he gesticulated as he walked, and people thought he was crazy.

"Who is that brute?" asked the colonel.

"A fine fellow and a brave soldier. I will tell you what I know about him. It is funny enough.

"You know that at the commencement of the war of 1870 I was shut up in Bezieres, that this negro calls Bezi. We were not besieged, but blockaded. The Prussian lines surrounded us on all sides, outside the reach of cannon, not firing on us, but slowly starving us out.

"I was then lieutenant. Our garrison consisted of soldier of all descriptions, fragments of slaughtered regiments, some that had run away, freebooters separated from the main army, etc. We had all kinds, in fact even eleven Turcos [Algerian soldiers in the service of France], who arrived one evening no one knew whence or how. They appeared at the gates of the city, exhausted, in rags, starving and dirty. They were handed over to me.

"I saw very soon that they were absolutely undisciplined, always in the street and always drunk. I tried putting them in the police station, even in prison, but nothing was of any use. They would disappear, sometimes for days at a time, as if they had been swallowed up by the earth, and then come back staggering drunk. They had no money. Where did they buy drink and how and with what?

"This began to worry me greatly, all the more as these savages interested me with their everlasting laugh and their characteristics of overgrown frolicsome children.

"I then noticed that they blindly obeyed the largest among them, the one you have just seen. He made them do as he pleased, planned their mysterious expeditions with the all-powerful and undisputed authority of a leader. I sent for him and questioned him. Our conversation lasted fully three hours, for it was hard for me to understand his remarkable gibberish. As for him, poor devil, he made unheard-of efforts to make himself intelligible, invented words, gesticulated, perspired in his anxiety, mopping his forehead, puffing, stopping and abruptly beginning again when he thought he had found a new method of explaining what he wanted to say.

"I gathered finally that he was the son of a big chief, a sort of negro king of the region around Timbuctoo. I asked him his name. He repeated something like 'Chavaharibouhalikranafotapolar.' It seemed simpler to me to give him the name of his native place, 'Timbuctoo.' And a week later he was known by no other name in the garrison.

"But we were all wildly anxious to find out where this African ex-prince procured his drinks. I discovered it in a singular manner.

"I was on the ramparts one morning, watching the horizon, when I



perceived something moving about in a vineyard. It was near the time of vintage, the grapes were ripe, but I was not thinking of that. I thought that a spy was approaching the town, and I organized a complete expedition to catch the prowler. I took command myself, after obtaining permission from the general.

"I sent out by three different gates three little companies, which were to meet at the suspected vineyard and form a cordon round it. In order to cut off the spy's retreat, one of these detachments had to make at least an hour's march. A watch on the walls signalled to me that the person I had seen had not left the place. We went along in profound silence, creeping, almost crawling, along the ditches. At last we reached the spot assigned.

"I abruptly disbanded my soldiers, who darted into the vineyard and found Timbuctoo on hands and knees travelling around among the vines and eating grapes, or rather devouring them as a dog eats his sop, snatching them in mouthfuls from the vine with his teeth.

"I wanted him to get up, but he could not think of it. I then understood why he was crawling on his hands and knees. As soon as we stood him on his feet he began to wobble, then stretched out his arms and fell down on his nose. He was more drunk than I have ever seen anyone.

"They brought him home on two poles. He never stopped laughing all the way back, gesticulating with his arms and legs.

"This explained the mystery. My men also drank the juice of the grapes, and when they were so intoxicated they could not stir they went to sleep in the vineyard. As for Timbuctoo, his love of the vineyard was beyond all belief and all bounds. He lived in it as did the thrushes, whom he hated with the jealous hate of a rival. He repeated incessantly: 'The thrushes eat all the grapes, captain!'

"One evening I was sent for. Something had been seen on the plain coming in our direction. I had not brought my field-glass and I could not distinguish things clearly. It looked like a great serpent uncoiling itself--a convoy. How could I tell?

"I sent some men to meet this strange caravan, which presently made its triumphal entry. Timbuctoo and nine of his comrades were carrying on a sort of altar made of camp stools eight severed, grinning and bleeding heads. The African was dragging along a horse to whose tail another head was fastened, and six other animals followed, adorned in the same manner.

"This is what I learned: Having started out to the vineyard, my Africans had suddenly perceived a detachment of Prussians approaching a village. Instead of taking to their heels, they hid themselves, and as soon as the

Prussian officers dismounted at an inn to refresh themselves, the eleven rascals rushed on them, put to flight the lancers, who thought they were being attacked by the main army, killed the two sentries, then the colonel and the five officers of his escort.

"That day I kissed Timbuctoo. I saw, however, that he walked with difficulty and thought he was wounded. He laughed and said:

"'Me provisions for my country.'

"Timbuctoo was not fighting for glory, but for gain. Everything he found that seemed to him to be of the slightest value, especially anything that glistened, he put in his pocket. What a pocket! An abyss that began at his hips and reached to his ankles. He had retained an old term used by the troopers and called it his 'profonde,' and it was his 'profonde' in fact.

"He had taken the gold lace off the Prussian uniforms, the brass off their helmets, detached their buttons, etc., and had thrown them all into his 'profonde,' which was full to overflowing.

"Each day he pocketed every glistening object that came beneath his observation, pieces of tin or pieces of silver, and sometimes his contour was very comical.

"He intended to carry all that back to the land of ostriches, whose brother he might have been, this son of a king, tormented with the longing to gobble up all objects that glistened. If he had not had his 'profonde' what would he have done? He doubtless would have swallowed them.

"Each morning his pocket was empty. He had, then, some general store where his riches were piled up. But where? I could not discover it.

"The general, on being informed of Timbuctoo's mighty act of valor, had the headless bodies that had been left in the neighboring village interred at once, that it might not be discovered that they were decapitated. The Prussians returned thither the following day. The mayor and seven prominent inhabitants were shot on the spot, by way of reprisal, as having denounced the Prussians.

"Winter was here. We were exhausted and desperate. There were skirmishes now every day. The famished men could no longer march. The eight 'Turcos' alone (three had been killed) remained fat and shiny, vigorous and always ready to fight. Timbuctoo was even getting fatter. He said to me one day:

"'You much hungry; me good meat.'

"And he brought me an excellent filet. But of what? We had no more cattle, nor sheep, nor goats, nor donkeys, nor pigs. It was impossible to get a horse. I thought of all this after I had devoured my meat. Then a horrible idea came to me. These negroes were born close to a country where they eat human beings! And each day such a number of soldiers were killed around the town! I questioned Timbuctoo. He would not answer. I did not insist, but from that time on I declined his presents.

"He worshipped me. One night snow took us by surprise at the outposts. We were seated, on the ground. I looked with pity at those poor negroes shivering beneath this white frozen shower. I was very cold and began to cough. At once I felt something fall on me like a large warm quilt. It was Timbuctoo's cape that he had thrown on my shoulders.

"I rose and returned his garment, saying:

"'Keep it, my boy; you need it more than I do.'

"'Non, my lieutenant, for you; me no need. Me hot, hot!'

"And he looked at me entreatingly.

"'Come, obey orders. Keep your cape; I insist,' I replied.

"He then stood up, drew his sword, which he had sharpened to an edge like a scythe, and holding in his other hand the large cape which I had refused, said:

"'If you not keep cape, me cut. No one cape.'

"And he would have done it. So I yielded.

"Eight days later we capitulated. Some of us had been able to escape, the rest were to march out of the town and give themselves up to the conquerors.

"I went towards the exercising ground, where we were all to meet, when I was dumfounded at the sight of a gigantic negro dressed in white duck and wearing a straw hat. It was Timbuctoo. He was beaming and was walking with his hands in his pockets in front of a little shop where two plates and two glasses were displayed.

"'What are you doing?' I said.

"'Me not go. Me good cook; me make food for Colonel Algeria. Me eat Prussians; much steal, much.'

"There were ten degrees of frost. I shivered at sight of this negro in

white duck. He took me by the arm and made me go inside. I noticed an immense flag that he was going to place outside his door as soon as we had left, for he had some shame."

I read this sign, traced by the hand of some accomplice

"ARMY KITCHEN OF M. TIMBUCTOO,

"Formerly Cook to H. M. the Emperor.

"A Parisian Artist. Moderate Prices.'

"In spite of the despair that was gnawing at my heart, I could not help laughing, and I left my negro to his new enterprise.

"Was not that better than taking him prisoner?

"You have just seen that he made a success of it, the rascal.

"Beziers to-day belongs to the Germans. The 'Restaurant Timbuctoo' is the beginning of a retaliation."

---

## In The Wilderness

by Morris Rosenfeld

translated by Rose Pastor Stokes and Helena Frank

from *Songs of Labor and Other Poems*, EBook #6859

Alone in desert dreary,  
A bird with folded wings  
Beholds the waste about her,  
And sweetly, sweetly sings.

So heaven-sweet her singing,  
So clear the bird notes flow,  
'Twould seem the rocks must waken,  
The desert vibrant grow.

Dead rocks and silent mountains  
Would'st waken with thy strain,--  
But dumb are still the mountains,  
And dead the rocks remain.

For whom, O heavenly singer,  
Thy song so clear and free?  
Who hears or sees or heeds thee,  
Who feels or cares for thee?

Thou may'st outpour in music  
Thy very soul... 'Twere vain!  
In stone thou canst not waken  
A throb of joy or pain.

Thy song shall soon be silenced;  
I feel it... For I know  
Thy heart is near to bursting  
With loneliness and woe.

Ah, vain is thine endeavor;  
It naught availeth--nay;  
For lonely as thou camest,  
So shalt thou pass away.

---

## RIO DE JANEIRO.

by Annie Allnut Brassey

from *A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam'*

eBook #14836

\_The sun is warm, the sky is clear,\_  
\_The waves are dancing fast and bright,\_  
\_Blue isles and snowy mountains wear\_  
\_The purple noon's transparent light.\_

\_Friday, August 18th [1876]\_--The clouds still hung heavy on the hills, or rather mountains, which surround the bay, occasionally descending in the form of torrents of rain, and hiding everything from our view.

Early in the morning we weighed anchor and steamed up the bay to the man-of-war anchorage, a much pleasanter situation than the quarantine harbour, where we had brought up last night. About 9.30 a.m. the health officers came on board, and half an hour later we had a visit from the custom-house official, who required Tom to sign and seal a declaration upon oath that he had no cargo on board, and not more coal than we absolutely required for our own consumption.

About eleven o'clock we put on our mackintoshes and thick boots, and, accompanied by an interpreter, who (together with several washerwomen) had suddenly made his appearance on board, rowed ashore, pushing our way through crowds of boats laden with fruit and vegetables. The landing-place was close to the market, at some broken-down steps, and was crowded with chattering negroes, of every shade of colour. The quays seemed covered with piles of fruit and vegetables, discharged from the boats, the principal produce being sugar-cane, bananas, and oranges. Each side street that we came to was a little river, which had to be crossed, or rather forded, after paddling through the mud in the main thoroughfare.

Our first visit was to the post-office--'no letters'--then to the British Consulate--'no letters'--and finally to the Legation, but there was nobody at home there; so we set off for the Hotel des Etrangers, to breakfast. Our way lay through the straggling suburbs of the city for about two miles, and as we drove along we could see and admire, despite the heavy rain, the magnificent groves of palm-trees, and the brilliancy and beauty of the tropical vegetation in the various private and public gardens that we passed.

After breakfast we returned to the Legation, where we were most kindly received, but, much to our regret, no letters were forthcoming. We next paid a visit to some of the shops in the Rua do Ouvidor, for the sale of imitations of flowers, made from the undyed feathers of birds, and a large number of the more expensive varieties of ordinary artificial flowers, each petal consisting of the entire throat or breast of a humming-bird, and the leaves are made from the wings of beetles. They are very rare and beautiful, their manufacture being quite a speciality of this city. The prices asked astonished us greatly; the cost of five sprays, which I had been commissioned to buy, was 29\_1\_., and the price of all the others was proportionately high. But then they wear for ever. I have had some for nine years, and they are as good now as when they were bought.

Saturday, August 19th.--Though far from brilliant, the weather improved, and we were able to enjoy occasional glimpses of the beautiful scenery around us.

Mr. Gough and Mr. O'Connor breakfasted with us on board, and we afterwards proceeded in a 'bond' to the Botanical Gardens, about seven miles out of the city. These 'bonds,' which are a great institution here, are large carriages, either open or closed, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two, sometimes by three mules. They go at a great pace, and run very smoothly. Ordinary carriages are dear; and as tramways have been laid down in almost every street and road, driving is a rather difficult affair. On our road we passed several delightful-looking private gardens. The railings were completely covered, some with white stephanotis and scarlet lapageria, others with a beautiful orange-coloured creeper and lilac bougainvillea, or passion-flowers of many colours and variety. Inside we could see large trees with green and yellow stripes, croton-oil plants, spotted and veined caladiums, and dracenas, the whole being shaded by orange-trees.

Along the edge of Botafogo Bay there is a delightful drive, beneath a splendid avenue of imperial palms, extending to the gates of the Botanical Gardens. Each specimen rises straight up like the column of an Egyptian temple, and is crowned with a feathery tuft of large shiny dark green leaves, some thirty feet in length. The clumps of bamboos, too, were very fine, and nearly all the trees seemed to be full of curious orchids and parasites of every sort and kind.

We had an agreeable drive back in the cool evening to dinner at the Hotel de l'Europe. The food was excellent, and included some delicious tiny queer-shaped oysters, which are found on the mangrove-trees, overhanging the water higher up the bay. We afterwards went to a pleasant little reception, where we enjoyed the splendid singing of some young Brazilian ladies, and the subsequent row off to the yacht,

in the moonlight, was not the least delightful part of the programme.

\_Sunday, August 20th\_.--At last a really fine day. We could now, for the first time, thoroughly appreciate the beauties of the noble bay of Nictheroy, though the distant Organ mountains were still hidden from our view. In the morning, we went to church on board H.M.S. 'Volage,' afterwards rowing across the bay to Icaraky, where we took the tramway to Santa Rosa. On our way we again passed many charming villas and gardens, similar to those we had admired yesterday, while the glorious and ever-attractive tropical vegetation abounded everywhere. In spite of the great heat, the children seemed untiring in the pursuit of butterflies, of which they succeeded in catching many beautiful specimens.

\_Monday, August 21st\_.--After an early breakfast, we started off to have a look at the market. The greatest bustle and animation prevailed, and there were people and things to see and observe in endless variety. The fish-market was full of finny monsters of the deep, all new and strange to us, whose odd Brazilian names would convey to a stranger but little idea of the fish themselves. There was an enormous rockfish, weighing about 300 pounds, with hideous face and shiny back and fins; there were large ray, and skate, and cuttle-fish--the pieuvre of Victor Hugo's 'Travailleurs de la Mer'--besides baskets full of the large prawns for which the coast is famous, eight or ten inches long, and with antennae of twelve or fourteen inches in length. They make up in size for want of quality, for they are insipid and tasteless, though, being tender, they make excellent curry. The oysters, on the other hand, are particularly small, but of the most delicious flavour. They are brought from a park, higher up the bay, where, as I have said, they grow on posts and the branches of the mangrove-tree, which hang down into the water. We also saw a large quantity of fine mackerel, a good many turtle and porpoises, and a few hammer-headed sharks. The latter are very curious creatures, not unlike an ordinary shark, but with a remarkable hammer-shaped projection on either side of their noses for which it is difficult to imagine a use.

In the fruit-market were many familiar bright-coloured fruits; for it is now the depth of winter at Rio, and the various kinds that we saw were all such as would bear transport to England. Fat, jet-black negresses, wearing turbans on their heads, strings of coloured beads on their necks and arms, and single long white garments, which appeared to be continually slipping off their shoulders, here presided over brilliant-looking heaps of oranges, bananas, pineapples, passion-fruit, tomatoes, apples, pears, capsicums and peppers, sugar-cane, cabbage-palms, cherimoyas, and bread-fruit.

In another part of the market all sorts of live birds were for sale,



with a few live beasts, such as deer, monkeys, pigs, guinea-pigs in profusion, rats, cats, dogs, marmosets, and a dear little lion-monkey, very small and rather red, with a beautiful head and mane, who roared exactly like a real lion in miniature. We saw also cages full of small flamingoes, snipe of various kinds, and a great many birds of smaller size, with feathers of all shades of blue, red, and green, and metallic hues of brilliant lustre, besides parrots, macaws, cockatoos innumerable, and torchas, on stands. The torcha is a bright-coloured black and yellow bird, about as big as a starling, which puts its little head on one side and takes flies from one's fingers in the prettiest and most enticing manner. Unfortunately, it is impossible to introduce it into England, as it cannot stand the change of climate. The other birds included guinea-fowls, ducks, cocks and hens, pigeons, doves, quails, &c., and many other varieties less familiar or quite unknown to us. Altogether the visit was an extremely interesting one, and well repaid us for our early rising.

At eleven o'clock we started for the Petropolis steamer, which took us alongside a wooden pier, from the end of which the train started, and we were soon wending our way through sugar and coffee plantations, formed in the midst of the forest of palms and other tropical trees. An Englishman has made a large clearing here, and has established a fine farm, which he hopes to work successfully by means of immigrant labour.

After a journey of twenty minutes in the train, we reached the station, at the foot of a hill, where we found several four-mule carriages awaiting our arrival. The drive up from the station to the town, over a pass in the Organ mountains, was superb. At each turn of the road we had an ever-varying view of the city of Rio and its magnificent bay. And then the banks of this tropical high-road! From out a mass of rich verdure grew lovely scarlet begonias, and spotted caladiums, shaded by graceful tree-ferns and overhung by trees full of exquisite parasites and orchids. Among these, the most conspicuous, after the palms, are the tall thin-stemmed sloth-trees, so called from their being a favourite resort of the sloth, who with great difficulty crawls up into one of them, remains there until he has demolished every leaf, and then passes on to the next tree.

The pace of the mules, up the steep incline, under a broiling sun, was really wonderful. Half-way up we stopped to change, at a buvette, where we procured some excellent Brazilia coffee, of fine but exceedingly bitter flavour. Our next halt, midway between the buvette and the top of the hill, was at a spring of clear sparkling water, where we had an opportunity of collecting some ferns and flowers; and on reaching the summit we stopped once more, to enjoy the fine view over the Pass and the bay of Nictheroy. The descent towards Petropolis then commenced; it lies in the hollow of the hills, with a river

flowing through the centre of its broad streets, on either side of which are villas and avenues of noble trees. Altogether it reminded me of Bagnères-de-Luchon, in the Pyrenees, though the general effect is unfortunately marred by the gay and rather too fantastic painting of some of the houses.

\_Tuesday, August 22nd\_--We were called at half-past five, and, after a hasty breakfast, started on horseback by seven o'clock for the Virgin Forest, about six miles from Petropolis. After leaving the town and its suburbs, we pursued our way by rough winding paths, across which huge moths and butterflies flitted, and humming-birds buzzed in the almond-trees. After a ride of an hour and a half, we entered the silence and gloom of a vast forest. On every side extended a tangled mass of wild, luxuriant vegetation: giant-palms, and tree-ferns, and parasites are to be seen in all directions, growing wherever they can find root-hold. Sometimes they kill the tree which they favour with their attentions--one creeper, in particular, being called 'Mata-pao' or 'Kill-tree;' but, as a rule, they seem to get on very well together, and to depend mutually upon one another for nourishment and support. The most striking of these creepers is, perhaps, the liane, whose tendrils grow straight downwards to the ground, twisting themselves together in knots and bundles. Occasionally one sees, suspended from a tree, at a height of some fifty feet, a large lump of moss, from which scarlet orchids are growing; looking like an enormous hanging flower-basket. All colours in Brazil, whether of birds, insects, or flowers, are brilliant in the extreme. Blue, violet, orange, scarlet, and yellow are found in the richest profusion, and no pale or faint tints are to be seen. Even white seems purer, clearer, and deeper than the white of other countries.

We had a long wet walk in the forest; the mosses and ferns being kept moist and green by the innumerable little streams of water which abound everywhere. Owing to the thickness of the surrounding jungle, it was impossible to stray from our very narrow path, notwithstanding the attractions of humming-birds, butterflies, and flowers. At last we came to an opening in the wood, whence we had a splendid view seawards, and where it was decided to turn round and retrace our steps through the forest. After walking some distance we found our horses waiting, and after a hot but pleasant ride reached Petropolis by twelve o'clock, in time for breakfast. Letter-writing and butterfly-catching occupied the afternoon until four o'clock, when I was taken out for a drive in a comfortable little phaeton, with a pretty pair of horses, while the rest of the party walked out to see a little more of Petropolis and its environs. We drove past the Emperor's palace--an Italian villa, standing in the middle of a large garden--the new church, and the houses of the principal inhabitants, most of which are shut up just now, as everybody is out of town, but it all looked very green and pleasant. It was interesting to see a

curious breed of dogs, descended from the bloodhounds formerly used in hunting the poor Indians.

\_Wednesday, August 23rd\_.--At six o'clock we assembled all on the balcony of the hotel to wait for the coach, which arrived shortly afterwards. There was some little delay and squabbling before we all found ourselves safely established on the coach, but starting was quite another matter, for the four white mules resolutely refused to move, without a vast amount of screaming and shouting and plunging. We had to pull up once or twice before we got clear of the town, to allow more passengers to be somehow or other squeezed in, and at each fresh start similar objections on the part of the mules had to be overcome.

The air felt fresh when we started, but before we had proceeded far we came into a thick, cold, wet fog, which, after the heat of the last few weeks, seemed to pierce us to the very marrow. Eight miles farther on the four frisky white mules were exchanged for five steady dun-coloured ones, which were in their turn replaced after a seven-mile stage by four nice bays, who took us along at a tremendous pace. The sun began by this time to penetrate the mist, and the surrounding country became visible. We found that we were following the course of the river, passing through an avenue of coral-trees, loaded with the most brilliant flowers and fruit imaginable, and full of parroquets and fluttering birds of many hues.

We stopped at several small villages, and at about 11 a.m. reached Entre Rios, having changed mules seven times, and done the 59-1/2 miles in four hours and fifty minutes, including stoppages--pretty good work, especially as the heat during the latter portion of the journey had been as great as the cold was at the commencement. The term 'cold' must here be taken only in a relative sense, for the thermometer was never lower than 48 , though, having been accustomed for a long while to 85 , we felt the change severely.

After a capital breakfast at the inn near the station, we got into the train and began a very hot dusty journey over the Serra to Palmeiras, which place was reached at 4 p.m. We were met on our arrival by Dr. Gunning, who kindly made room for Tom and me at his house, the rest of our party proceeding to the hotel. The view from the windows of the house, which is situated on the very edge of a hill, over the mountains of the Serra, glowing with the light of the setting sun, was perfectly enchanting; and after a refreshing cold bath one was able to appreciate it as it deserved. A short stroll into the forest adjoining the house proved rich in treasures, for in a few minutes I had gathered twenty-six varieties of ferns, including gold and silver ferns, two creeping ferns, and many other kinds. The moon rose, and the fireflies flashed about among the palm-trees, as we sat in the verandah before dinner, while in several places on the distant hills

we could see circles of bright flames, where the forest had been set on fire in order to make clearings.

We were up next morning in time to see the sun rise from behind the mountains, and as it gradually became warmer the humming-birds and butterflies came out and buzzed and flitted among the flowers in front of our windows. We had planned to devote the day to a visit to Barra, and it was, therefore, necessary to hurry to the station by eight o'clock to meet the train, where we stopped twenty minutes to breakfast at what appeared to be a capital hotel, built above the station. The rooms were large and lofty, everything was scrupulously clean, and the dishes most appetising-looking. Our carriage was then shunted and hooked on to the other train, and we proceeded to the station of Santa Anna, where Mr. Faro met us with eight mules and horses, and a large old-fashioned carriage, which held some of us, the rest of the party galloping on in front. We galloped also, and upset one unfortunate horse, luckily without doing him any harm. After a couple of miles of a rough road we arrived at the gates of the Baron's grounds, where the old negro slave-coachman amused us very much by ordering his young master to conduct the equestrians round to the house by another way. Beneath the avenue of palm-trees, leading from the gates to the house, grew orange, lemon, and citron trees, trained as espaliers, while behind them again tall rose-bushes and pomegranates showed their bright faces. Driving through an archway we arrived at the house, and, with much politeness and many bows, were conducted indoors, in order that we might rest ourselves and get rid of some of the dust of our journey.

Santa Anna is one of the largest coffee fazendas in this part of Brazil. The house occupies three sides of a square, in the middle of which heaps of coffee were spread out to dry in the sun. The centre building is the dwelling-house, with a narrow strip of garden, full of sweet-smelling flowers, in front of it; the right wing is occupied by the slaves' shops and warehouses, and by the chapel; while the left wing contains the stables, domestic offices, and other slave-rooms.

By law, masters are bound to give their slaves one day's rest in every seven, and any work the slaves may choose to do on that day is paid for at the same rate as free labour. But the day selected for this purpose is not necessarily Sunday; and on adjoining fazendas different days are invariably chosen, in order to prevent the slaves from meeting and getting into mischief. Thursday (to-day) was Sunday on this estate, and we soon saw all the slaves mustering in holiday attire in the shade of one of the verandahs. They were first inspected, and then ranged in order, the children being placed in front, the young women next, then the old women, the old men, and finally the young men. In this order they marched into the corridor facing the chapel, to hear mass. The priest and his acolyte, in

gorgeous robes, performed the usual service, and the slaves chanted the responses in alternate companies, so that sopranos, contraltos, tenors, and basses, contrasted in a striking and effective manner. The singing, indeed, was excellent; far better than in many churches at home. After the conclusion of the mass the master shook hands with everybody, exchanged good wishes with his slaves, and dismissed them. While they were dawdling about, gossiping in the verandah, I had a closer look at the babies, which had all been brought to church. They seemed of every shade of colour, the complexions of some being quite fair, but the youngest, a dear little woolly-headed thing, was black as jet, and only three weeks old. The children all seemed to be on very good terms with their master and his overseers, and not a bit afraid of them. They are fed most liberally, and looked fat and healthy. For breakfast they have coffee and bread; for dinner, fresh pork alternately with dried beef, and black beans (the staple food of the poor of this country); and for supper they have coffee, bread, and mandioca, or tapioca.

Returning to the house, we sat down, a party of thirty, to an elaborate breakfast, the table being covered with all sorts of Brazilian delicacies, after which several complimentary speeches were made, and we all started off to walk round the fazenda. Our first visit was to the little schoolchildren, thirty-four in number, who sang very nicely. Then to the hospital, a clean, airy building, in which there were happily but few patients, and next we inspected the new machinery, worked by water-power, for cleaning the coffee and preparing it for market. The harvest lasts from May to August. The best quality of coffee is picked before it is quite ripe, crushed to free it from the husk, and then dried in the sun, sometimes in heaps, and sometimes raked out flat, in order to gain the full benefit of the heat. It is afterwards gathered up into baskets and carefully picked over, and this, being very light work, is generally performed by young married women with babies. There were nineteen tiny piccanninies, in baskets, beside their mothers, in one room we entered, and in another there were twenty just able to run about.

Cassava is an important article of food here, and it was interesting to watch the various processes by which it is turned into flour, tapioca, or starch. As it is largely exported, there seems no reason why it should not be introduced into India, for the ease with which it is cultivated and propagated, the extremes of temperature it will bear, and the abundance of its crop, all tend to recommend it. We went on to look at the maize being shelled, crushed, and ground into coarse or fine flour, for cakes and bread, and the process of crushing the sugar-cane, turning its juice into sugar and rum, and its refuse into potash. All the food manufactured here is used on the estate; coffee alone is exported. I felt thoroughly exhausted by the time we returned to the house, only to exchange adieus and step into the carriage on

our way to Barra by rail \_en route\_ to Rio de Janeiro. After passing through several long tunnels at the top of the Serra, the line drops down to Palmeiras, after which the descent became very picturesque, as we passed, by steep inclines, through virgin forests full of creepers, ferns, flowers, and orchids. The sunset was magnificent, and the subsequent coolness of the atmosphere most grateful. Leaving the Emperor's palace of S<sup>o</sup> Christov<sup>a</sup> behind, Rio was entered from a fresh side. It seemed a long drive through the streets to the Hotel de l'Europe, where, after an excellent though hurried dinner, we contrived to be in time for a private representation at the Alcazar. As a rule, ladies do not go to this theatre, but there were a good many there on the present occasion. Neither the play nor the actors, however, were very interesting, and all our party were excessively tired; so we left early, and had a delightful row off to the yacht, in the bright moonlight.

\_Monday, August 28th\_--We have all been so much interested in the advertisements we read in the daily papers of slaves to be sold or hired, that arrangements were made with a Brazilian gentleman for some of our party to have an opportunity of seeing the way in which these transactions are carried on. No Englishman is allowed to hold slaves here, and it is part of the business of the Legation to see that this law is strictly enforced. The secrets of their trade are accordingly jealously guarded by the natives, especially from the English. The gentlemen had therefore to disguise themselves as much as possible, one pretending to be a rich Yankee, who had purchased large estates between Santos and San Paulo, which he had determined to work with slave instead of coolie labour. He was supposed to have come to Rio to select some slaves, but would be obliged to see and consult his partner before deciding on purchase. They were taken to a small shop in the city, and, after some delay, were conducted to a room upstairs, where they waited a quarter of an hour. Twenty-two men and eleven women and children were then brought in for inspection. They declared themselves suitable for a variety of occupations, in-door and out, and all appeared to look anxiously at their possible purchaser, with a view to ascertain what they had to hope for in the future. One couple in particular, a brother and sister, about fourteen and fifteen years old respectively, were most anxious not to be separated, but to be sold together; and the tiny children seemed quite frightened at being spoken to or touched by the white men. Eight men and five women having been specially selected as fit subjects for further consideration, the visit terminated.

The daily Brazilian papers are full of advertisements of slaves for sale, and descriptions of men, pigs, children, cows, pianos, women, houses, &c., to be disposed of, are inserted in the most indiscriminate manner. In one short half-column of the 'Jornal do Commercio,' published within the last day or two, the following

announcements, amongst many similar ones, appear side by side:--

VENDE-SE uma escrava, de 22 annos, boa figura, lava, engomma e cose bem; informa-se na rua de S. Pedro n. 97.

FOR SALE.--A female slave, 22 years of age, a good figure, washes, irons, and sews well; for particulars apply at No. 97 rua de S. Pedro.

VENDE-SE ou aluga-se um rico piano forte do autor Erard, de 3 cordas, por 280\$, garantido; na rua da Quitanda n. 42, 2 andar.

FOR SALE, OR TO BE LET ON Hire.--A splendid trichord pianoforte by Erard, for \$280, guaranteed; apply at rua da Quitanda No. 42, 2nd floor.

VENDE-SE, por 1,500\$, um escravo de 20 annos, para servi o de padaria; na rua da Princeza dos Cajueiros n. 97.

TO BE SOLD FOR \$1,500.--A male slave 20 years of age, fit for a baker's establishment; apply at rua da Princeza dos Cajueiros No. 97.

VENDE-SE uma machina Singer, para qualquer costura, trabalha perfeitamente, por pre o muito commodo; trata-se na rua do Sab<sup>a</sup>o n. 95.

FOR SALE.--On very reasonable terms, a Singer's sewing-machine, adapted for any description of work; works splendidly: apply at No. 95 rua do Sab<sup>a</sup>o.

....

We had many visitors to breakfast to-day, and it was nearly two o'clock before we could set off for the shore \_en route\_ to Tijuca. We

drove nearly as far as the Botanical Gardens, where it had been arranged that horses should meet us; but our party was such a large one, including children and servants, that some little difficulty occurred at this point in making a fair start. It was therefore late before we started, the clouds were beginning to creep down the sides of the hills, and it had grown very dusk by the time we reached the Chinisi river. Soon afterwards the rain began to come down in such tropical torrents, that our thin summer clothing was soaked through and through long before we reached the Tijuca. At last, to our great joy, we saw ahead of us large plantations of bananas, and then some gas-lights, which exist even in this remote locality. We followed them for some little distance, but my horse appeared to have such a very decided opinion as to the proper direction for us to take, that we finally decided to let him have his own way, for it was by this time pitch dark, and none of us had ever been this road before. As we hoped, the horse knew his own stables, and we soon arrived at the door of White's hotel, miserable, drenched objects, looking forward to a complete change of clothing. Unfortunately the cart with our luggage had not arrived, so it was in clothes borrowed from kind friends that we at last sat down, a party of about forty, to a sort of table-d'hôte dinner, and it continued to pour with rain during the whole evening, only clearing up just at bed-time.

\_Tuesday, August 29th\_--After all the fine weather we have had lately, it was provoking to find, on getting up this morning, that the rain still came steadily down. Daylight enabled us to see what a quaint-looking place this hotel is. It consists of a series of low wooden detached buildings, mostly one story high, with verandahs on both sides, built round a long courtyard, in the centre of which are a garden and some large trees. It is more like a boarding-house, however, than an hotel, as there is a fixed daily charge for visitors, who have to be provided with a letter of introduction! The situation and gardens are good; it contains among other luxuries a drawing-room, with a delightful swimming-bath for ladies, and another for gentlemen. A mountain stream is turned into two large square reservoirs, where you can disport yourself under the shade of bananas and palm trees, while orange trees, daturas, poinsettias, and other plants, in full bloom, drop their fragrant flowers into the crystal water. There is also a nice little bathing-house, with a douche outside; and the general arrangements seem really perfect. The views from the walks around the hotel and in the forest above are beautiful, as, indeed, they are from every eminence in the neighbourhood of Rio.

During the morning, the weather cleared sufficiently for us to go down to 'The Boulders,' huge masses of rock, either of the glacial period, or else thrown out from some mighty volcano into the valley beneath. Here they form great caverns and caves, overhung with creepers, and so blocked up at the entrance, that it is difficult to find the way into



them. The effect of the alternate darkness and light, amid twisted creepers, some like gigantic snakes, others neatly coiled in true man-of-war fashion, is very striking and fantastic. Every crevice is full of ferns and orchids and curious plants, while moths and butterflies flit about in every direction. Imagine, if you can, scarlet butterflies gaily spotted, yellow butterflies with orange edgings, butterflies with dark blue velvety-looking upper wings, the under surface studded with bright owl-like peacock eyes, grey Atlas moths, and, crowning beauty of all, metallic blue butterflies, which are positively dazzling, even when seen in a shop, dead. Imagine what they must be like, as they dart hither and thither, reflecting the bright sunshine from their wings, or enveloped in the sombre shade of a forest. Most of them measure from two to ten inches in length from wing to wing, and many others flit about, equally remarkable for their beauty, though not so large. Swallow-tails, of various colours, with tails almost as long, in proportion to their bodies, as those of their feathered namesakes; god-parents and 'eighty-eights,' with the figures 88 plainly marked on the reverse side of their rich blue or crimson wings. In fact, if nature could by any possibility be gaudy, one might almost say that she is so in this part of the world.

From 'The Boulders' we went down a kind of natural staircase in the rock to the small cascade, which, owing to the recent rains, appeared to the best advantage, the black rocks and thick vegetation forming a fine background to the sheet of flowing white water and foam. Our way lay first through some castor-oil plantations, and then along the side of a stream, fringed with rare ferns, scarlet begonias, and grey ageratum. We returned to the hotel, too late for the general luncheon, and, after a short rest, went out for a gallop in the direction of the peak of Tijuca, past the large waterfall, the 'Ladies' Mile,' and 'Grey's View.' The forest is Government property; the roads are therefore excellent, and are in many places planted with flowers and shrubs, rare even here. It seems a waste of money, however; for there is hardly any one to make use of the wide roads, and the forest would appear quite as beautiful in its pristine luxuriance. To our eyes the addition of flowers from other countries is no improvement, though the feeling is otherwise here. More than once I have had a bouquet of common stocks given to me as a grand present, while orchids, gardenias, stephanotis, large purple, pink, and white azaleas, orange-blossom, and roses, were growing around in unheeded profusion.

\_Wednesday, August 30th\_.--Once more a wet morning; but as it cleared towards noon, we ordered horses and some luncheon, and went up to Pedro Bonito. The ride was pleasant enough at first, but as we mounted higher and higher, we got into the clouds and lost the view. Finally, there seemed nothing for it but to halt near the top, under a grove of orange-trees, lunch in the pouring rain, and return without having reached the summit.

\_Friday, September 1st\_--At three o'clock this morning, when I awoke, I saw at last a bright, clear sky, and at five, finding that there was every prospect of a beautiful sunrise, we sent for horses, ate our early breakfast, and set off for the peak of Tijuca. Step by step we climbed, first through the grounds of the hotel, then through the forest, till we reached 'The Bamboos,' a favourite halting-place, by the side of a stream, near which grow, in waving tufts, the graceful trees which lend their name to the spot. It was very beautiful in the hill-side forest, with a new prospect opening out at every step, and set in an ever-varying natural framework of foliage and flowers. There was not sufficient time to linger, however, as we would fain have done, in the cool and shady paths, occasionally illumed by the bright rays of the sun, shining through the foliage of noble palms, the fronds of tree-ferns, and the spiral stems of many-coloured creepers.

Before reaching the top of the peak, there are twenty-nine wooden and ninety-six stone steps to be ascended, at the foot of which we tied our horses. An iron chain is hung by the side to assist you, without which it would be rather giddy work, for the steps are steep, and there is a sheer precipice on one side of them. Arrived at the top, the scene was glorious; on every side mountains beyond mountains stretch far away into the distance, and one can see as far north as Cape Frio, and southwards as far as Rio Grande do Sul, while beneath lies the bay of Rio, with its innumerable islands, islets, and indentations. All too soon we had to scramble down again, and mount our horses for a hurried return to the hotel, there being barely time for lunch and a scramble to the yacht.

\_Monday, September 4th\_--We were all up very early this morning, superintending the preparations for our eldest boy's departure for England. The yacht had been gaily dressed with flags, in honour of the anniversary of the Emperor's wedding-day; but it must be confessed that our own feelings were hardly in accordance with these external symbols of joy. Breakfast was a melancholy meal, and I fear that the visitors from the 'Volage' were not very well entertained. After breakfast, we went ashore to the market, to get a couple of lion-monkeys, which had been kept for us, and which Tab was to take home with him to present to the Zoological Gardens. At one o'clock the steam-launch from the 'Volage' came alongside and embarked the luggage and servants. Half an hour later it returned for us; then came many tearful farewells to the crew, and we set off. We knew the parting had to be made, but this did not lessen our grief: for although it is at all times hard to say good-bye for a long period to those nearest and dearest to you, it is especially so in a foreign land, with the prospect of a long voyage on both sides. Moreover, it is extremely

uncertain when we shall hear of our boy's safe arrival; not, I fear, until we get to Valparaiso, and then only by telegram--a long time to look forward to. Over the next half-hour I had better draw a veil.

At two o'clock precisely, just after we had left the steamer, the starting bell rang, and the 'Cotopaxi' steamed away. As she passed the yacht, all our flags were dipped and the guns fired. Then we could see her rolling on the bar, for, calm as the water was in the bay, there was a heavy swell outside; and then, all too soon, we lost sight of her, as she sank,

'... with all we love, below the verge.'

We heard to-day that, the Saturday before our first arrival at Rio, the bar was quite impassable, even for a man-of-war, and that, although she succeeded the next day, the sea was extremely rough.

On our return to the 'Sunbeam,' I went to bed to rest, and the remainder of the party went ashore. A great many visitors came on board in the course of the afternoon; some remained to dine with us. At half-past nine we all went on shore again to a ball at the Casino, the grand public room in Rio, to which we had been invited some days ago. It seemed a splendid place, beautifully decorated in white and gold and crimson, with frescoes and pictures let into the walls, and surrounded by galleries. It is capable of containing fifteen hundred persons, and I believe that there were even more than that number present on the occasion of the ball given to the Duke of Edinburgh some years ago. The arrangement of the large cloakrooms, refreshment-rooms, and passages downstairs, and the balconies and supper-rooms upstairs, is very convenient. The ball this evening being comparatively a small affair, the lower rooms only were used, and proved amply sufficient. There were not a great many ladies present, but amongst those we saw some were extremely pretty, and all were exquisitely dressed in the latest fashions from Paris. The toilettes of the younger ones looked fresh and simple, while those of the married ladies displayed considerable richness and taste; for although Brazilian ladies do not go out much, and, as a rule, remain \_en peignoir\_ until late in the afternoon, they never fail to exhibit great judgment in the selection of their costumes.

The floor was excellent, but the band made rather too much noise, and the dancing was different, both in style and arrangement, from what we are accustomed to at home.

The time had now come when we had to say farewell to the many kind friends whom we have met here, and who have made life so pleasant to us during the last three weeks, in order that we might return to the yacht, to complete our preparation for an early start. The last

leave-takings were soon over, and, with mutually expressed hopes that we might ere long meet some of our friends in England, Tom and I drove off, in the bright moonlight, to the quay, where our boat was waiting for us. The other members of our party found the attractions of the ball so irresistible that they were unable to tear themselves away until a much later hour.

---

## In the Orbit of Saturn

By R. F. Starzl

EBook #29038

The \_Celestia\_, gliding through space toward Titan, major satellite of Saturn, faltered in her course. Her passengers, mostly mining engineers and their wives, stockholders, and a sprinkling of visitors, were aware of a cessation of the heavens' apparent gyrations, due to the halting of the ship's rotation on its axis. At the same time the ship's fictitious gravity, engendered by the centrifugal force of its rotation, ceased, so that passengers, most of whom were assembled in the main salon, which occupied the entire midship section, drifted away from the curved floor, whose contour followed that of the outer skin, to flounder in helpless confusion.

A woman screamed. A rasping sound, as of metal scraping against the hull, came from one point in the circumference, and here the portholes were obscured by a dark mass that blotted out the stars.

An old man, clinging to a luxuriously upholstered chair, and pale with fright, cried:

"It's those damned pirates. If they find out who I am it'll break the company to ransom me."

"If the company thinks it worth while to ransom you," retorted his youngish, saturnine companion, who seemed less scared than annoyed.

Questions darted back and forth. No word came from the control room forward, and little of what transpired outside could be seen through the thick glass ports. The pirate ship loomed over them like a monstrous leech, its bolts sharply etched in black and white by the sunlight from their stern. Beyond that was only the velvety darkness--the absolute vacuity of space that carries no sound, refracts no light. A battle was raging out there, but of that nothing could be seen or heard in the salon. Only a dull, booming vibration through the flyer's hull, made by the rockets in a useless effort to shake off their captor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of all the passengers, none understood the situation as well as Quirl Finner. In imagination he followed the desperate struggle that was going on out there, for the men who were selling their lives were his

companions in arms, the ship's guard of the redoubtable I.F.P., the Interplanetary Flying Police who carried the law of white men to the outermost orbit of the solar system.

Quirl bristled, but he maintained his pose of indifference--of the sightseeing passenger who depended blindly on the ship's crew for his own safety. In appearance he might easily have been the pampered son of some millionaire that he impersonated. His close-fitting silken tunic of blue, with its bright yellow roll-collar, the turban of fine yellow lace, the close-fitting trousers that showed his lithe yet powerfully molded legs, the thin-soled low boots--all proclaimed him the typical time-killing dandy of the times. His superb proportions made him look smaller, lighter than he really was, and his lean features, which under the I.F.P. skullcap would have looked hawk-like, were sufficiently like the patrician fineness of the character part he was playing. Young men of means in the year 2159 were by no means without their good points. They indulged in athletic sports to counteract the softening influence of idleness, and so Quirl Finner had no misgivings about the success of his disguise.

Yet he could not refrain from listening intently for every sound that penetrated the hull. His part was to be captured by the pirate, who had been named "The Solar Scourge" by sensational newscasters, and to learn all he could, and eventually to be ransomed by a "wealthy father" with his priceless information. So he waited, chafing, while men he knew, men who had faced the perils of space with him, met their death.

After a time there came the sudden crackling of the air-tight bulkhead which separated the salon from the forward sections. Quirl knew what this meant. The pirates had succeeded in breaching a hole through the ship's skin, and the air of the forward section had rushed into space. It was sickening to think of those brave men up there caught in the suddenly formed vacuum. Long before the bulkhead had ceased crackling he knew they were dead, and that the pirate crew had entered, wearing vacuum suits, and was even then replenishing the air so the passengers could be taken alive.

\* \* \* \* \*

They had been in the prison hold of the pirate ship for five days, terrestrial time. This was nothing like the spacious quarters they had occupied before. A cross-section of their prison would have looked like a wedge with a quarter circle for its blunt end. The curved wall of the great cylindrical projectile, nearly a hundred feet in diameter, was their floor, on which they could walk like flies on the inside of a wheel rim. The walls of the room, on two sides, converged toward the top, until they joined the sides of a well-like tunnel that

ran from the nose of the ship to its tail, where the rocket nozzles were. A door pierced the tunnel side, and under this door was a metal platform, from which one could either climb into the passage or down a ladder into the hold. A pirate guard held this platform, from where he could peer over the top of a curtain which gave scant privacy to the men and women prisoners on either side of it.

On the floor-plates, without even the meager comfort of the dried Martian weeds that had been given to the women, sat or lay the men. They showed their dejection, their faces covered with new growths of beard, their clothes crumpled and torn. The only furniture consisted of a long, light metal table on the women's side, securely bolted to the floor. The prisoners were obliged to stand at this when eating their meals. The whole cheerless scene was coldly illuminated by a single light-emanating disk just under the guard's platform.

Steps echoed hollowly metallic from above. Quirl wondered if it was already time for the galley boy to bring the immense bowl of hot stew for the noon meal.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not. It was Moby Gore, the huge and overbearing first mate of the pirates on his daily mission of inspection and prisoner baiting. Quirl crept further into his corner. It would be fatal to his plan for him to attract the attention of this petty tyrant. It was hard enough to keep away from him--to crush back the almost overwhelming desire to fly at him, fists hammering.

Gore came down the ladder deliberately, pausing on the lower steps to look around with his little, pig's eyes. His head was set well forward on his thick, muscular neck, so that he had to look out from under his beetling brows in a manner peculiarly ape-like. His heavy face was smooth-shaven, and his blue-black jowls and chin looked painfully smooth. His coarse, black hair was brushed back and plastered firmly to his bullet head.

His body was heavy, but moved with deadly smoothness and precision. The customary harness which passed around his naked torso supported a double-barreled ironizing electrocution pistol, and also a short, savagely knobbed riot club. Depending from the belt at his waist were short pants, which displayed the thick, hairy legs with their cable-like muscles. On his feet were thick socks, so that his toes were able to curl around the rungs of the ladder.

Satisfied with his quick, darting inspection, Gore now came all the way down. At the foot of the ladder lay an elderly man in the oblivion of sleep. Gore's foot came down on the thin chest. With savage

pleasure he bore down, so that the old man's startled squawk ended in a fit of coughing. Gore cuffed him aside roughly, growling:

"Old squiffer! Let that learn you to sleep out of the way!" He laughed coarsely when one of the prisoners, with the temerity of anonymity, started to boo, but received no support.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carelessly Gore passed among the prisoners. Here and there he halted, snatching some article of finery or inconspicuous bit of jewelry that he had overlooked before. They shrank from him, only too glad to see him pass on to the next unfortunate.

"You, there!" Gore rasped, indicating Quirl with his stubby forefinger. "Come on out o' there, you!"

Quirl hoped that the brutal mate would not hear the thudding of his beating heart, or that if he did, he would take it for fear. He came slowly toward Gore, who was greedily eyeing the young man's brightly colored and valuable tunic. Quirl came too slowly.

"What do you take me for?" Gore bellowed in unreasonable anger. He strode forward, the prisoners scattering before him. His large, knotty hand closed on Quirl's arm, and jerked, with the intention of whirling this reluctant prisoner across the room. But Quirl was heavier, and his arm harder, than Gore had supposed. The hand came away, and with a tearing scream, the beautiful silk garment ripped off, ruined, disclosing Quirl's white and well-knit body.

"You done that a-purpose!" Gore roared, and then his great ape's arms were around Quirl, trying to break his back.

But that seemingly slight body would not bend, and, as much as Gore might tug and heave, he could not force Quirl back. The little pig-eyes glared, and there was death in them. Suddenly Gore let go. His hand leaped to the short club at his side, and he swung the weapon in a vicious arc. Quirl's relaxed forearm met it, sapping most of its force. Yet when it struck his head it seemed to burst like a ball of fire. He crashed against the wall and sank to the floor only half conscious.

"Gore! Gore!" yelled the guard from the platform, "'member how sore the Old Man was about the last terrie you killed? Better lay off."

"Shut yo'r damned mug!" Gore yelled back. But he gave up his idea of kicking the prisoner, and with a menacing glare for the guard, passed on.



\* \* \* \* \*

As Quirl's mind slowly cleared he congratulated himself for his repression. During his struggle with Gore his hand had come in contact with the butt of the mate's electrogun. He could easily have pulled it out of its holster and turned it against its owner. But this hasty action would not only have assured his own death, but would have destroyed the only chance the I.F.P. had of learning "The Scourge's" secrets.

Gore slowly worked his way to the women's side of the hold. Here, much to the amusement of the guard and himself, he began stripping off their long, flowing robes, disclosing their nude bodies. He seemed to see particular humor to heaping indignity on the older women, commenting coarsely on their shortcomings. The men viewed this with set, pale faces. But none dared to interfere. In their midst was an object lesson, his head swathed in bandages. He had been the first to resent this exhibition, an almost daily event, when the mate's roving eye had happened to alight upon his wife.

All at once Gore's careless and derogatory progress was halted, and he stared with terrifying intentness at the girl who had until that day managed to escape his notice. Gore had torn off a nondescript black cape that had covered her head and face, and the golden silk robe she wore. To Quirl, watching from a space of some sixty feet, her beauty came like a shock. He remembered her as Lenore Hyde, whom he had seen only once before as she emerged briefly from her stateroom.

About five feet, six inches tall, her slim figure was dwarfed by the huge bulk of the mate. Her golden hair tumbled over her slim shoulders, almost to her waist, where a tasseled cord held the clinging silk close to her. Her face, so white that it seemed like silver in that gorgeous setting, was cold and defiant. There was no fear in those deep blue eyes under the straight brows--only loathing and contempt.

Gore was not concerned with the personal feelings of his prize. He licked his wide, cruel lips, seizing the girl's arms as in a vise. His other big, dirty hand slipped into the collar of her robe.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the ripping of fabric did not come. Instead there was a sharp crack, and Gore, too surprised even to move, stared at the little man who had hit him.

Again \_crack\_! The impact of fist on jaw. The blow was too weak to

hurt this toughened veteran of countless battles. But slowly a tide of dull red welled up over the bull neck, turning the blue-black jowls to purple, and the walls echoed to Gore's roar of anger.

Again the fists of the smaller man smacked, this time drawing a trickle of blood from Gore's mouth. Then the thick fingers closed on the brave passenger's wrist, and the tremendous muscles swelled as, with a quick movement, Gore thrust his adversary back of him, grasping the other wrist also. Then with slow, irresistible motion, he began drawing the thin arms forward, stretching them, until the unfortunate man, drawn against the barrier of Gore's back, began to shriek with pain.

Still Gore pulled, grinning evilly, and his victim's shoulder blades lifted under the tight skin of his back as they took the strain. Shriek followed shriek, until the guard on the platform glanced furtively out into the central well. There came a dry, tearing crackle as the bones of the arms were drawn out of their sockets, and then the shrieks ceased as merciful unconsciousness came. Gore tossed the limp body carelessly away.

"The beast!" Quirl gritted his teeth. But he stayed where he was, hiding his clenched fist, for his was a specific assignment, and men of the I.F.P. know the meaning of the word "duty."

In a better humor again, Gore looked around.

"Come on, you little ginny!" he chortled. "I see you! Come to Moby, my beauty. You'll be queen of the hold, and this scurvy litter will kiss your feet every day."

\* \* \* \* \*

He pursued her as she ran, bowling over or trampling on the fear-stricken prisoners as they tried to scramble out of his way, men and women alike. But she made up in agility what she lacked in strength, lifting up the hem of her robe so that her legs twinkled bare, ducking under Gore's outstretched arms, or leaping over the fallen form of some stumbling, panic-stricken unfortunate.

Only in her eyes was there a true picture of her terror. Gore's uncertain temper was changing again, and in a few moments he was cursing foully, his little red-rimmed eyes glistening, as he dashed after her with short, boar-like rushes.

Again she skimmed past where Quirl cowered in simulated fear, and the look she gave him struck straight at the disguised officer's heart. So it was that when she slipped and fell to her knees, and Gore charged

in with a triumphant laugh, Quirl met him with no thought of anything, no feeling but the joy of battle, the delight of a strong man when he meets a foe whom he hates. And to that heady, feral emotion was added the unforgettable picture of a lovely face whose obvious fear was somehow tempered by hope and confidence--in him!

As Gore lunged past, Quirl struck him. It was a short, sharp, well-timed jab that would have knocked out an ordinary man. But Gore was by no means ordinary. The blow laid open his cheek against the jawbone, but Gore scarcely slowed as he swerved. With a bellow of rage, he came straight at Quirl, arms outstretched.

Philosophers have said that no matter how far the human race advances in the sciences, its fundamental reactions will still be atavistic. Gore could have dispatched Quirl in a second with his ray weapon, with perfect safety. Yet it is doubtful that the weapon even entered his mind. As he came to the battle he was driven only by the primitive urge to fight with his hands, to maim, to tear limb from limb like the great simians whom he resembled.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Quirl, coolly poised, the picture of Gore did not inspire terror. In the passengers, it did. They saw a brutal giant, gorilla-like, and roaring like a beast, charging at a half-naked youth apparently only half his size. It seemed that those tremendous arms must break him at the first touch.

But the grasping hands slipped off the lithe body as if it were oiled, leaving only angry red welts along Quirl's ribs. As the officer edged away he planted two blows on Gore's nose, which began to bleed freely.

Again Gore rushed, and \_spat!\_ \_spat!\_ two seemingly light blows landed on his face, opening a cut above his eye and another on his cheek bone. In a few seconds of battling he had become a shocking sight, with his features almost obscured by welling blood.

Again Quirl measured him, and this time, instead of evading the grasp of the mate's eager arms, he stepped right between them. Like a wraith he slipped into their embrace, and before they could grasp him, standing so close that his chest almost touched his adversary's, he whipped a right to Gore's jaw. It was the kind of punch that makes champions, a whiplike lash of the forearm, with relaxed muscles that tighten at the moment of impact. A punch with "follow-through" fit to knock out ninety-nine men out of a hundred.

But it did not knock out Gore, and Quirl had to pay dearly for his error. Gore was staggered, but his mighty arms closed, hugging his

slighter opponent to his hairy chest so that the breath was choked out of him, and the metal studs on his harness gouged cruelly into Quirl's flesh. His face was blue before he could work his arm loose, and begin to prod with stiffened fingers at Gore's throat. Gore had to let go then, and Quirl broke away, boxed for a few moments until he had recovered, and then proceeded to chop Gore's face beyond any semblance of humanity.

The mate had dropped his ray weapon, and now searched for it with blinded eyes. He flung his riot club, and it flew wide of the mark. It was obvious that he was going to be beaten into insensibility.

\* \* \* \* \*

The guard on the platform, seeing the trend of the battle, shouted hoarsely up the well, and in a few minutes four men, hard-bitten, villainous looking fellows, tumbled down the ladder and joyously joined in the fray. It was then only a matter of seconds before Quirl lay on the floor-plates, battered and bleeding, but still feebly fighting, while Gore sat astride him, seeking with vicious fingers for Quirl's eyes. At the same time his men were kicking at the helpless man's body wherever they could reach him.

At the sight of this brutality the other prisoners, forgetting for the moment their own cowed condition, set up such a bedlam of noise that the guard began to look furtively up the passage, and to shout at the ruffians.

Suddenly he was whirled aside, and a figure in uniform, moving with uncanny speed for a man so massive, appeared upon the platform and bounded down the ladder. He was among the struggling men on the floor in a moment, and became a maze of flailing arms and legs. Like ten-pins the pirates scattered, and the giant pulled off the mate. Gore could not see, but as he writhed he knew he was in the grip of the pirate captain. Captain Strom's harsh, ascetic face was dangerous, and his steely gray eyes compelling. The men managed slovenly salutes.

"Gore," Strom snapped, "have your men get some water and mop up this blood. How many times have I told you to quit mauling the prisoners? D'ye think I'm in this business to provide amusement for you? Henceforth keep out of this hold. Hear?"

"Yes, sir," Gore muttered sullenly.

"Took five of you bums to handle him, did it?" Strom remarked sardonically, stooping to pick up the unconscious Quirl. He carried him easily, up the ladder. As they disappeared Strom's voice boomed out:

"Dr. Stoddard! Stoddard! Messenger, have Stoddard report at my cabin."

\* \* \* \* \*

The mate was wiping the blood off his face with a rag.

"I tried to call yer," the guard whined.

"That tears it!" Gore exclaimed fiercely, bursting into a string of abuse. But one of his henchmen nudged him.

"Keep yer tongue in yer face, Gore, till the time comes."

Gore said nothing, but glared savagely at the prisoners.

"Get the buckets and mops!" he snarled at his men, and they fled precipitately.

A long, wailing noise came through the hatch:

"Soopson! S-o-o-pson!"

"Here comes yer grub, damn you," Gore growled at the prisoners in general. A shuffling sound followed the singsong call, and then a "galley boy" of forty years or so, badly crippled by club-feet, shuffled up to the hatch and laboriously let himself down to the platform. The huge bowl of stew he was carrying was far too heavy for him, and his strained, thin face was beady with sweat.

"Get a move on, Sorko!" Gore bellowed up at him. "Get your swill down here. Some o' these swine are goin' short this time, anyway."

Sorko set the big bowl down at the top of the steps and began to descend backward. Then he resumed his burden.

But he was nervous, and had barely started when his crippled feet, far too big for his thin shanks, became entangled. He gave a giddy shriek and fell over backward, landing on his back, and lay still. His pale, freckled face became greenish.

But the bowl, filled to the brim by its greasy, scalding hot contents, flew in a sweeping parabola, tipping as it fell, so that the entire contents cascaded on Gore, drenching him from head to foot. Howling with rage and pain he danced around. He was utterly beside himself. When he was able to see he rushed for Sorko, who was moaning with returning consciousness, and picked up the frail body to hurl it against the floor.

"Stop, or you're dead!"

\* \* \* \* \*

That voice, so incisive and clear, was a woman's. Gore found himself looking into the little twin funnels of his own ray projector. They were filled with a milky light, and the odor of ozone was strong. The girl had only to press the trigger and a powerful current would leap along the path of those ionizing beams. And Gore would murder no more.

Stupidly, he let Sorko slide to the floor, where the poor fellow recovered sufficiently from his paralyzing fright and his fall to scuttle away.

Looking past the menacing weapon, Gore saw the girl, Lenore Hyde. Her limpid eyes under their straight brows were blazing, and he read in them certain death for himself.

"Up that ladder!" she ordered sharply, "and stay out! Guard, when this beast is gone I will give you this weapon. Now, connect up your skipper."

Too surprised to disobey, the guard threw the televisior switch, and in a moment Strom's stern face appeared on the screen. He comprehended the situation immediately.

"Do as she says," he ordered brusquely. "Stoddard is coming to take care of that man of hers that Gore beat up."

A few minutes later she was tearfully assisting the ship's doctor to put the man with the dislocated shoulders on a stretcher.

"Your husband?" asked Stoddard, who resembled a starved gray rat.

"My brother," she exclaimed simply.

"Want to take care of him?" And at her eager assent, he said, "Can't afford to let him die. Your family got money?"

"Yes, yes! They will pay anything--anything--to get him back safely."

The doctor grinned with satisfaction.

\* \* \* \* \*

Memory returned to Quirl with the realization that he was lying on a metal bunk in an outside stateroom, where he could see the orderly

procession of the stars through the floor ports as the ship rotated. His body was racked with pain, and his head seemed enormous. His sensation, he discovered, was due to a thick swathing of bandages.

As he stirred something moved in an adjoining bunk, and Dr. Stoddard's peaked face came into view.

"How do you feel?" he asked professionally.

"Rotten!"

"We'll fix that." He left, returning a few minutes later with a portable apparatus somewhat resembling its progenitor, the diathermy generator. He disposed a number of insulated loops about Quirl's body and head, connecting them through flexible cables to his machine. As a gentle humming began, Quirl was conscious of an agreeable warmth, of a quickening all over his body. A great lassitude followed, and he slept.

When he awoke again Captain Strom was standing beside him. He had taken off his coat, and his powerful body filled the blouse he was wearing. He had evidently just come off duty, for he still had on his blue trousers, with the stripes of gold braid down the sides.

"It may interest you, Mr. Finner, that I have selected you as one of the chosen," he remarked casually.

"One of the chosen what?"

"The chosen race. You didn't take me for an out-and-out damned pirate, did you?"

"Excuse me if I seem dumb!" Quirl hoisted himself on his elbow. "Yes, I figure you're a pirate. What else?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Strom's stern face relaxed in a smile. It was a strange smile, inscrutably melancholy. It revealed, beneath the hardness of a warrior, something else; the idealism of a poet. When he spoke again it was with a strange gentleness:

"To attain one's end, one must make use of many means, and sometimes to disguise one's purpose. For instance, it is perfectly proper for an officer of the I.F.P. to disguise himself like a son of the idle rich in order to lay the infamous 'Scourge' by the heels, isn't it?"

Quirl felt himself redden. And a cold fear seemed to overwhelm him. He

realized that Strom was a zealot, and he knew he would not hesitate to kill. This prompt penetration of his disguise was something he had not bargained for.

"What makes you think," he asked shortly, "that I'm an I.F.P. man?"

"The fight you gave Gore and his men. Do you expect me to think that a coupon clipper could have done that? I know the way of--"

He checked himself. Quirl said:

"My people have money. I don't know what you mean about--"

"Oh, yes, you do," Strom interrupted. "If you were what you claim to be perhaps I would let you go for the ransom, though you took my eye from the first."

"The ransom will be paid."

"It will not. You will be one of those who do not return. There is only one price I will accept from you."

"Yes? What is that?"

"The formula of the new etheric ray."

"I don't know the I.F.P. secrets. I told you that."

"You know how to operate the ray. All its men do. I want you to tell me what you know. I can deduce the rest."

\* \* \* \* \*

Quirl thought rapidly. Strom was right. The I.F.P. had developed a new ray that was far superior to the ionizer ray, for the latter required an atmosphere of some kind for its operation, while the new one would work equally well in a vacuum.

"I never heard of any," he lied stubbornly. "Anyway, what do you want a ray for? Your guns, with no gravity to interfere and no air to stop the bullets, have just about unlimited range, haven't they?"

"Spoken like a soldier!" Again Strom permitted himself a brief triumphant smile. "And we have the further advantage of invisibility. The ship is surrounded by a net of wires that create a field of force which bend light rays around us. That explains why your men have never caught us. But to get back to our subject. I will tell you something. Do you know who I am?"



Quirl looked at him. Strom appeared to be at least sixty years old. But the fine, erect figure, the rugged features told nothing.

"Did you ever hear of Lieutenant Burroughs?" Strom asked casually.

"Burroughs--the man without a planet!" Quirl ejaculated. "Are you Burroughs, the traitor?" Immediately he regretted his heedlessness. Strom's face darkened in anger, and for a moment the pirate captain did not reply. When he did he was a little calmer.

"Traitor they called me!" he exclaimed vehemently. "I a traitor--the most loyal man in the solar system guard. Surrounded by rottenness and intrigue--

"But you wouldn't know. You were but a lad learning to fly your first toy helics when that happened. Years later the Martian Cabal was exposed, and the leading plotters--the traitors--were punished. But that was not till later, and the court's irreversible decree against me had been carried out. I, the unsuspecting messenger, the loyal, eager dupe, was made the cat's-paw. I was put on an old, condemned freighter, with food and supplies supposed to last me a lifetime, but with no power capsules and no means of steering the ship. I was set adrift in a derelict on a lonely orbit of exile around the sun--the man without a planet!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Picture that, lad. That rusty, dead old cylinder, coursing around and around the sun, and inside, sitting on his bales and boxes, a young man like you. A young man in the pride and prime of his life, expiating the treason that had betrayed him. Day after day, through the thick ports, I saw the same changeless scene. And every two years, when I drew near the Earth, I watched the beautiful green ball of it, with what bitter longings! As I watched it dwindle away again into the blackness of space, I thought of the fortunate, selfish, stupid and cruel beings who lived on it, and hated them. They had banished me, an innocent man, to whirl forever and ever around the sun, in my steel tomb!

"But that cruel judgment was never executed. Seven years ago this Gore found me. He is an escaped convict, and he came in a little five-man rocket he had stolen. We loaded up all of the supplies the little ship would hold, for Gore had no food, and escaped to Titan, landing on an island on the side opposite to where the mines are.

"Gore wanted to become a pirate, and as he could get men, I consented. He scraped them up, fugitives from justice, every one of them. We

built this ship, and I invented the invisibility field of force--"

"Just a moment," Quirl interrupted, vastly interested. "I saw your ship through the ports that day."

"True. The presence of your ship in the field distorted it so much that it was ineffective. But at all other times--right now--we are utterly invisible. One of the I.F.P. patrols may pass within a mile of us and never see us.

"As we raided the interplanetary commerce, I began to weed out the people we captured. Those that showed the highest intelligence, sense of justice and physical perfection I selected to be the nucleus of a new race, to be kept on Titan for a time and then to be transplanted to a new planet of one of the nearer solar systems.

"My principal trouble is with the crew. They can collect ransom only on those I reject, and there are constant clashes between me and Gore. It is now my intention to let them go their way, and to fit out a new ship, with a new crew. I offer you the place of first mate."

"No!" Quirl replied crisply. "You say you understand the honor of the Force, and then offer me a job pirating with you. No, thanks!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Strom, or Burroughs, made no attempt to conceal his disappointment. The recital of his wrongs had brought out the bitter lines of his face, and the weariness of one who plays his game alone and can call no one friend.

"I should have known better," he said quietly. "There was none more loyal to the I.F.P. than I--when I still belonged to it. Yet, I thought if I laid all my cards before you--You realize what this means?"

"Yes," Quirl replied soberly. "It means you will never dare to let me be ransomed nor to free me among your selected people. It means--death!"

"Not death! I will parole you."

Quirl felt an overmastering surge of sympathy. He saw this pirate as later historians have come to see him--a man of lofty and noble purpose who was made the victim of shrewder, meaner minds in the most despicable interplanetary imbroglio ever to disgrace a solar system. The thought of his own fate, should he refuse the offer, did not depress Quirl as much as the necessity of heaping more disappointment

on this deeply wronged "man without a planet."

"Captain," he said slowly, with deep regret. "You remember the I.F.P. oath?" And at the other's flush he hurried on. "Knowing that oath you know what my answer must be. Put me in irons or kill me!"

"I know," Strom added wistfully. "Would you--if I could just once more shake the clean hand of a brave man and a gentleman--"

Quirl's hand shot out and gripped the long, powerful fingers of the pirate captain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Quirl was willing to compromise to the extent of not revealing anything to the other passengers, for the privilege of being kept in the prison hold rather than in solitary confinement. Here he would be under the vigilant eye of a guard, with possibly less chance of effecting an escape in some way, but he felt a great desire to be near the girl Lenore, and to know that she was safe and in good spirits.

They fastened him by means of a light chain and hoop that locked around his waist to a staple set in the floor near one wall. The other prisoners regarded him as a hero, for since the day of the epic fight the mate had kept away, and they had been treated with tolerable decency. Quirl was able to cheer them up with predictions that the most of them would be eligible to ransom. But as he looked at the pale beauty of Lenore he felt grave misgivings, for he knew that a man of Strom's discernment would want her for his projected Utopia without question.

She did not speak to him while the hero-worshipping crowd were fluttering about him to their heart's content. When they finally left him alone she came up to him silently, and sat on the floor beside him.

"I want to thank you," she said quietly, clearly, "for what you did for me and my brother, Mr.--"

"Finner. Quirl Finner. I have thought of you as Lenore, and wondered how you were. How long has it been since they took me out? You see--" he grinned, "I was asleep."

"Five days. At least, they turned off the lights five times for the sleeping periods."

"The man who fought for you--how is he?"

"My brother--is dead!"

Quirl looked away so that he should not see the quick tears springing to her eyes. But a few moments later he felt her cool hand on his scarred forehead, and she was smiling bravely.

"Tragedies such as these, Quirl, were common in the lives of our ancestors. They were able to bear them, and we can bear them. All his life my poor brother has lived as a gentleman, sheltered, protected by class barriers. When he died of pneumonia caused by the jagged end of a broken rib--so Dr. Stoddard says--I think he had a lively sense of satisfaction that he should end in such a way. If it had not been for me--"

\* \* \* \* \*

She came to him often, after that, to sit quietly by his side, and to bring his food to him from the big community bowl which even the most fastidious of the prisoners had come to look forward to. She told of her life as the daughter of a capitalist who owned large mine holdings on Titan. It would be about time for the \_Celestia\_ to reach Titan, and her non-arrival would be causing anxiety to Lenore's father awaiting her there. The void would be swarming with I.F.P. patrols, but as the pirate ship was invisible nothing would be found but the mysteriously looted and abandoned \_Celestia\_.

There was no longer any reason for concealing from her the fact that he himself was a member of the I.F.P., and Quirl told Lenore of the adventurous life he and his companions had led. Of forays to far-away and as yet undisciplined Pluto, of tropical Venus and Mercury, where the rains never cease, of the hostile and almost unknown planet of Aryl, within the orbit of Mercury, where no man has ever seen a true image of the landscape because of the stupendous and never-ending mirages.

As time passed they were drawn together by the bonds of propinquity and mutual interest--this obscure police officer and the daughter of one of the most powerful men in the solar system. But Quirl did not name his love, for always there was the grim present of their captivity, the ghastly uncertainty of the future.

The little "galley boy" Sorko seemed daily more frail. Apparently the fall he had sustained had done him some internal injury. Often the guard, with many a ribald comment, had to help him get his emptied bowl back up the ladder.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day he seemed overcome by great weakness. Staggering, he held his hand to his sweat-dewed forehead. Erratically he waltzed across the floor, to crumple in a heap where Quirl and the girl were sitting. Moved by compassion, Lenore composed his body in a more comfortable position, and with a bit of handkerchief moistened the pirate's wrinkled, old-young face with some of Quirl's drinking water. The guard looked on indifferently.

"Guard!" Quirl shouted. "He's going to die. Come and take him to the lazaret."

"Sez you!" returned the guard callously. "Me, I stay on post till relieved. Sorko'll be all right. He's been throwin' them fits right regular."

Sorko's lips moved feebly, and Lenore bent down to catch his words. They were barely audible:

"I'm all right, lady. You done me a good turn when you made Gore put me down, and I'm doin' you one now. I wouldn't do this for no one else." He gasped.

"Water!" Lenore exclaimed sharply, and Quirl handed her the rest of his cup.

"Ain't water he wants," the amused guard observed. "The blighter's playin' for a good chew of merclite!"[1]

[Footnote 1: Merclite, a highly stimulating gum. It was prohibited by interplanetary proclamation, but was always obtainable through the surreptitious channels of a highly profitable traffic.]

"I ain't as bad as I'm makin' out," Sorko whispered. "Got to do it to tell you this, 'cause you was square with me. Gore is fixin' to have a mut'ny. Kill captain, kill all these dubs here--this guy of yourn, too. He wants to take you for his--" the weazened little face twisted in unwonted shy delicacy--"take you for him, pretty lady. I don't want him to. I'm not--a--bad feller--"

"What the hell, Sorko!" the puzzled guard exclaimed over the delay. "You bandy-legged rat, get up there, or I'll give you a jolt."

Lenore looked up, indignant.

"You heartless wretch! Would you let this man--"

"Comin'!" Sorko scrambling to his feet, shuffling to the table, where he retrieved his bowl. Quirl and Lenore watched his painful progress

up the ladder, until at last he disappeared into the passage.

"Quirl," she murmured, as her hand sought his, "take this."

He felt a small bit of metal, and looking at it cautiously, saw that he had a rough key, filed out of a piece of flat metal.

"The key to that hoop around your waist. He copied it from the one the captain has, I suppose."

\* \* \* \* \*

His hopes high all at once, Quirl sought the compact little lock in the small of his back. It took a long time to get the key in, and then it would not turn. It had been unskillfully made, and was probably not a true reproduction. Nevertheless, by constant effort, he succeeded at last in turning it, and was rewarded by hearing a faint click. He tested the hoop, felt it slip, and knew that at any time he chose he could free himself.

"Lenore, dear," he told her. "Go with the other women now. We must do nothing to make the guard suspicious. We don't know when this mutiny is to come off, but we are close to Saturn now; it can't be long. Go now."

"Good-by, dear. Be careful!"

It seemed an eternity until the emanation disk became dim and went out and the prisoners made sleepy sounds. A relief guard took station, and the ship became silent, so that one could hear the rumbling of the propelling rockets. As there were no ports in this hold, there was no light whatever except the faint glow that came from the central passage above the platform. Against this the pirate was outlined as he sat on his stool. As Quirl's eyes became accustomed to the darkness he could see the play of faint highlights on his muscular torso, and so he waited.

He thought over the situation. The safest and easiest course would be to create such a disturbance that Captain Strom would be attracted to the scene. This would probably not involve anything more than a severe beating for himself, and he would then find opportunity to acquaint Strom with the projected mutiny somehow. That Strom would know how to deal with it he never doubted. Lenore might then still be forcibly impressed as a citizen of Strom's new planet, but at least she would not be exposed to the infinitely worse fate of becoming the plaything of Gore and his villainous crew.

\* \* \* \* \*

The flaw of this plan was that Quirl himself would still be under practical sentence of death. Strom would not let his gratitude carry him so far as to release a man who knew as much as Quirl did, and who would not promise to keep his secrets.

The preferable, though far more dangerous course was to strike before the mutineers could. Quirl knew something about the structure of the ship. It was built around the tubular passage, and every hold or group of rooms opened on this well, from the bow where the navigators were to the stern where the rockets were located. Somewhere there would be a generating room where the invisibility field was being produced. If he could find this and wreck the generators one of the I.F.P. ships with which this part of space doubtless swarmed, would sight them, and after that everything was in the hands of fate.

Quirl nervously waited for the guard to nod. At any moment he expected to hear a hellish bedlam break loose--the beginning of the mutiny. And the guard seemed alert. There was nothing to do but take a chance.

Quirl sighed as if he were turning in his sleep, so that the clink of the released chain would not seem out of place. The guard did not stir. Slowly, very slowly, Quirl crept across the floor. He had been robbed of all his clothing except his torn silk trousers; and his boots were gone, so he was able to move as quietly as a cat.

With tense silence he ascended the ladder, praying that his weight would not send up a warning vibration. But his luck held. He was nearly at the top before it broke.

"Take him off! Take him off!" It was an eery, strangled shriek from one of the male prisoners in the throes of a nightmare. With a startled curse the guard thudded to his feet, peered tensely into the darkness, his weapon sending twin milky beams of the powerful ionizing ray toward the source of the sound.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dreamer had awakened, still gasping in the grip of fear, and other disturbed sleepers were grumbling.

"Better go easy, you fools," the pirate warned them. "Yer just in luck that I didn't let loose a couple bolts on ye. Got a good notion to do it, anyway." He played the dangerous little spots of light around, amused as the prisoners scrambled for safety, but with no real intention of releasing the deadly electric charge along the paths provided for it. This cruel pleasure cost him his life. As he turned his back Quirl leaped. His iron-hard forearm rose and fell, and the

edge of his hand came down on the back of the pirate's thick neck. There was a muffled crack and he slumped to the platform grating.

Quickly the officer stripped off the man's harness and buckled it around his own naked chest. The electrogun had been uninjured, and hooked to the belt was also the riot club, a truly appalling thing at close quarters. Quirl carried the body down, laid it prone in the corner he had occupied, snapped on the waistlock, and threw a ragged old blanket over the hairy legs. In the forthcoming disturbance, if anyone looked in, he would think the inert form a sleeping prisoner, and that the guard had deserted post.

Quirl had feared an outbreak among the prisoners, but they were so apathetic that they paid little attention. Perhaps they thought it was Quirl who had been killed, and he did not dare even a whispered farewell to the girl he knew was watching somewhere in the darkness.

Much to Quirl's delight, the long, tubular passage was deserted. Here the centrifugal gravity was less than it had been in the hold. A weird place, this central tube, where every direction was down, and a man could walk on his ceiling, his floor, his walls with equal facility. No top nor bottom--just a long, smooth tube with numerous enigmatic doors leading to--where?

At least it was easy to tell where the bow of the ship was. A light shone through a transom over the door to the navigating room. Should he try to hold up the navigating officer? He decided against that. There would be at least three men in there, and it was the custom to keep those quarters locked.

"If only I knew where they generate the invisibility field!" he muttered, as he stood irresolute.

\* \* \* \* \*

Opportunity came at that moment. A crack of light appeared along the passage. A door was opening there. A moment later a head and shoulders showed. Someone was climbing up. Swiftly the officer ran to the place. The pirate did not even suspect anything wrong until he felt the spots of milky light on his face. He showed his terror plainly.

"Get up!" Quirl hissed. The man obeyed with alacrity. Quirl glanced down. He saw tiers of bunks, evidently one of the crew's dormitories.

He now turned to the cowering pirate.

"I'd as soon kill you as not!" Quirl snarled.



"You got me wrong, brother!" the pirate whined. "I'm with Gore in this deal. Lay off!"

"Where you bound for?"

"I have to relieve Burke at the ventilating turbines."

"Let Burke wait. Lead on to the invisibility generators."

"Oh, I can't do that, mister! I got to have a pass. Say, mister, I was just kidding about being one of Gore's men. I'm for the cap'n, yes, sir!"

"You lying scum!" Quirl barked impatiently. "Get going!"

The white-faced and bewildered pirate led the way down the tube to the after end. He unlatched a door and tried to enter, but as soon as he had dropped through to the platform he was met by a guard with leveled ionizer.

"This gem'man," he started to explain. But Quirl dropped after him and gave him a powerful shove, so that he crashed into the guard. The latter pulled the trigger, and the unfortunate pirate crashed over the platform's edge to the floor. Quirl had out his own electrogun and dispatched the guard. At the same time he felt a stunning shock. His senses reeled, but the grating had taken part of the discharge loosed by a pirate electrician at the foot of the ladder. Quirl threw his riot club and followed that up with another lightning bolt.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was then the only living person in the room, in which two generators hummed softly. Connected to them was a bank of U-shaped tubes, each as tall as a man, which were filled with silent livid fire. Quirl picked up a wrench and started hammering at the thick tubes until the glass cracked. Each time he was engulfed by a wave of heat, and the tube became black. The great generators idled and automatically came to a stop. Quirl was certain now that the pirate ship would be visible, but the position of the captives was still desperate. He hoped that none of the surviving pirates would think of calling at the generator room, or find out in some other way that they were now visible in the eternal day of space.

Quietly he climbed back to the passage and closed the hatch. He cast about for his next move. He was looking toward the bow, but on hearing the subdued clink of metal on metal, he turned.

A dozen of the pirates were coming toward him.

It would have been useless to draw his weapon. Theirs were out and could have burned him to a crisp before he could move. Silently and with deadliness apparent in every move they approached him.

"Hope they try to capture me alive!" he thought. "What a dog-fight that'll be!"

Now they were nearly up to him.

"Come along, you fool!" barked the leader of the group as they were all around him. "Sapheads like you'll give the whole game away."

Quirl could have laughed. This was evidently part of the mutineers' crew bent on their errand of murder. In the dim light they had taken him for one of their number. He went with them, meekly.

"Unlocked!" The leader whom Quirl had not seen before, exclaimed with satisfaction. He pulled the hatch open softly and the hinges had been oiled. Quietly as panthers they descended the ladder. They stood at the bottom. Still another door barred the way. Quirl now realized that they were attacking the captain's quarters. But the leader produced a key, and silently swung the door open.

"So, you dogs! You've come!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Like an infuriated bull Captain Strom charged them, a riot club in each hand. He could have killed them all with a ray, but he chose to vent in physical action his consuming anger at their treachery, which he had in some way anticipated. Three or four went sprawling under his mighty blows. The others sought shelter behind tables and chests, and began stabbing at him with their electroguns. Electricity crackled, and the air became pungent with ozone. A pair of the twin rays struck the captain's gold braid, and he went down. With a triumphant yell a man dashed at him, murderous club up-raised. But Quirl was faster, and the pirate fell dead with a crushed skull.

Strom was up again, fighting beside Quirl. The pirates remaining fell under their furious blows, and the two dashed out. Strom said nothing, and Quirl was not sure that he had been recognized. The captain charged straight for the navigating bow. Here, unless he should be attacked by the I.F.P. he could still control the situation. He was perhaps still ignorant of the ship's visibility.

But Quirl made for the prisoners' hold. They would be cowering there,

probably in darkness, not knowing what was going on. It was his intention to rally them, provide them with the weapons of the fallen pirates, and so be in a position to advantageously make terms with whoever was victorious in this battle.

He saw, as he approached that the light was on. He was hardly a dozen feet away when the door was darkened. Quirl did not have to hear her cry to know that Gore had Lenore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Running with remarkable speed, the mate carried his prize toward the after end of the tube. A hatch stood open there, and he dropped through, slamming it after him.

Quirl picked up a bar that someone had dropped. It was but a matter of moments to break the lock and pull open the hatch. The hold was lighted, and empty. In its middle, holding the helpless Lenore, stood Gore, the electrogun in his hand covering the platform.

"Boy scout to the rescue again!" Gore sneered. He was even more repulsive than before, with the marks Quirl had left on him in the last battle. But he was fearless and utterly reckless. "Well, m'lad, I know when I'm done. And when a fellow's done he don't care what happens. So here's the lay: When I get out of here, I'll be dead. And \_she'll\_ be dead, or you'll wish she was. Get it? She'll be killed, too, if you jolt me--the shock'll pass to her. And the first man-jack who crosses that grating'll get his from me. Now then, go ahead and pull! Goin' to kill us both, or leave her to me?" He laughed defiantly, like one who counts himself already dead.

Quirl tentatively placed one foot on the platform. Instantly a fat spark jumped from the metal to his foot, and sent him sprawling into the tube. He saw Strom coming toward him. He had killed his enemies in the control room and was now on the hunt for more.

"Thanks for what you did," he grunted. As a forlorn hope, Quirl explained the situation. Strom smiled a rare smile.

"That's all right," he said mildly. "Quirl, you're a square man, and I'd rather do something for a square enemy than a false friend. Oh, I can do it cheaply. The jig's up for me, anyway!"

Quickly he dropped through the door and launched himself. Gore saw him coming, and Strom's body shuddered as the bolt struck squarely. He was dead when he hit, but his great weight knocked Gore down.

\* \* \* \* \*

Quirl had time to jump after him, knocking the wind out of Gore before he could rise. Lenore picked up Gore's weapon, but dared not use it for fear of injuring her lover. As the two fighting men circled warily, seeking openings in this battle that must be fatal to one of them, they did not see the slight, shadowy figure that dropped down to them. There was a flash, and Gore slumped, a knife in his back.

"I done it! I done for him!" chattered Sorko. "The dirty, lousy--"

"Come, Lenore, let's get up to the bow before the pirates think of it." They dashed up the ladder. Some more of the disks were out, and it was nearly dark. Three sinewy forms pounced on Quirl the moment he entered the passage. The girl, too, was caught, though she fought and bit.

"Lights! Let's have some lights!" commanded an authoritative voice.

"Coming, sir!" came a far-away answer.

The passage became bright, and Quirl looked into the faces of his captors, in the uniforms of the I.F.P.

"Got you, you dirty pirate!" gloated the husky young man on his chest.

"Mike!" Quirl gasped, "don't you know me? How'd you get here?"

"Dog-gone! Finner! Leggo his legs, you eggs."

"Trailed you," he added. "Glommed our magnets on the navigating bow. Expected a fight, but some big guy let us in through an airlock. Well, he'd done plenty of scrapping--all the clothes torn off him. Half a dozen dead pirates in there. Who is he?"

Quirl thought of the stiffening body of Lieutenant Burroughs, alias Captain Strom, who had just purchased his life and that of Lenore at the cost of his own. Was his undeserved shame now to follow him to his grave? Quirl was no lawyer, and he decided not to take any chances with the law's mercy. He said:

"I don't know his name. A prisoner from some other ship, I think. He was very homesick for Earth, and I'll see he gets a decent grave on Earth. He died to save me."

"As for the lady," he added, "let her go. She's a captive. And, anyway, I think she is the future Mrs. Quirl Finner."

She smiled, and the men of the Force looked somewhat enviously at

Quirl.

"Say," Quirl said, taking Lenore's hand and anxious to be rid of them, "if you find a little monkey-faced guy down in that hold, go easy with him. He's a good man, too, and I'm going to recommend his pardon."

---

## THE ISLAND

by Maurice Baring

from *Orpheus in Mayfair and Other Stories*

EBook #2492

"Perhaps we had better not land after all," said Lewis as he was stepping into the boat; "we can explore this island on our way home."

"We had much better land now," said Stewart; "we shall get to Teneriffe to-morrow in any case. Besides, an island that's not on the chart is too exciting a thing to wait for."

Lewis gave in to his younger companion, and the two ornithologists, who were on their way to the Canary Islands in search of eggs, were rowed to shore.

"They had better fetch us at sunset," said Lewis as they landed.

"Perhaps we shall stay the night," responded Stewart.

"I don't think so," said Lewis; but after a pause he told the sailors that if they should be more than half an hour late they were not to wait, but to come back in the morning at ten. Lewis and Stewart walked from the sandy bay up a steep basaltic cliff which sloped right down to the beach.

"The island is volcanic," said Stewart.

"All the islands about here are volcanic," said Lewis. "We shan't be able to climb much in this heat," he added.

"It will be all right when we get to the trees," said Stewart. Presently they reached the top of the cliff. The basaltic rock ceased and an open grassy incline was before them covered with myrtle and cactus bushes; and further off a thick wood, to the east of which rose a hill sparsely dotted with olive trees. They sat down on the grass, panting. The sun beat down on the dry rock; there was not a cloud in the sky nor a ripple on the emerald sea. In the air there was a strange aromatic scent; and the stillness was heavy.

"I don't think it can be inhabited," said Lewis.

"Perhaps it's merely a volcanic island cast up by a sea disturbance," suggested Stewart.

"Look at those trees," said Lewis, pointing to the wood in the distance.

"What about them?" asked Stewart.

"They are oak trees," said Lewis. "Do you know why I didn't want to land?" he asked abruptly. "I am not superstitious, you know, but as I got into the boat I distinctly heard a voice calling out: 'Don't land!'"

Stewart laughed. "I think it was a good thing to land," he said. "Let's go on now."

They walked towards the wood, and the nearer they got to it the more their surprise increased. It was a thick wood of large oak trees which must certainly have been a hundred years old. When they had got quite close to it they paused.

"Before we explore the wood," said Lewis, "let us climb the hill and see if we can get a general view of the island."

Stewart agreed, and they climbed the hill in silence. When they reached the top they found it was not the highest point of the island, but only one of several hills, so that they obtained only a limited view. The valleys seemed to be densely wooded, and the oak wood was larger than they had imagined. They laid down and rested and lit their pipes.

"No birds," remarked Lewis gloomily.

"I haven't seen one--the island is extraordinarily still," said Stewart. The further they had penetrated inland the more oppressive and sultry the air had become; and the pungent aroma they had noticed directly was stronger. It was like that of mint, and yet it was not mint; and although sweet it was not agreeable. The heat seemed to weigh even on Stewart's buoyant spirits, for he sat smoking in silence, and no longer urged Lewis to continue their exploration.

"I think the island is inhabited," said Lewis, "and that the houses are on the other side. There are some sheep and some goats on that hill opposite. Do you see?"

"Yes," said Stewart, "I think they are mouflon, but I don't think the island is inhabited all the same." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he started, and rising to his feet, cried: "Look there!" and he pointed to a thin wreath of smoke which was rising from the wood. Their languor seemed to leave them, and they ran down the hill and reached the wood once more. Just as they were about to enter it Lewis stooped and pointed to a small plant with white flowers and three oval-shaped leaves rising from the root.

"What's that?" he asked Stewart, who was the better botanist of the two. The flowers were quite white, and each had six pointed petals.

"It's a kind of garlic, I think," said Stewart. Lewis bent down over it. "It doesn't smell," he said. "It's not unlike moly (*Allium flavum*), only it's white instead of yellow, and the flowers are larger. I'm going to take it with me." He began scooping away the earth with a knife so as to take out the plant by the roots. After he had been working for some minutes he exclaimed: "This is the toughest plant I've ever seen; I can't get it out." He was at last successful, but as he pulled the root he gave a cry of surprise.

"There's no bulb," he said. "Look! Only a black root."

Stewart examined the plant. "I can't make it out," he said.

Lewis wrapped the plant in his handkerchief and put it in his pocket. They entered the wood. The air was still more sultry here than outside, and the stillness even more oppressive. There were no birds and not a vestige of bird life.

"This exploration is evidently a waste of time as far as birds are concerned," remarked Lewis. At that moment there was a rustle in the undergrowth, and five pigs crossed their path and disappeared, grunting. Lewis started, and for some reason he could not account for, shuddered; he looked at Stewart, who appeared unconcerned.

"They are not wild," said Stewart. They walked on in silence. The place and its heavy atmosphere had again affected their spirits. When they spoke it was almost in a whisper. Lewis wished they had not landed, but he could give no reason to himself for his wish. After they had been walking for about twenty minutes they suddenly came on an open space and a low white house. They stopped and looked at each other.

"It's got no chimney!" cried Lewis, who was the first to speak. It was a one-storeyed building, with large windows (which had no glass in them) reaching to the ground, wider at the bottom than at the top. The house was overgrown with creepers; the roof was flat. They entered in silence by the large open doorway and found themselves in a low hall. There was no furniture and the floor was mossy.

"It's rather like an Egyptian tomb," said Stewart, and he shivered. The hall led into a further room, which was open in the centre to the sky, like the *impluvium* of a Roman house. It also contained a square basin of water, which was filled by water bubbling from a lion's mouth carved in stone. Beyond the *impluvium* there were two smaller rooms, in one of which there was a kind of raised stone platform. The house was



completely deserted and empty. Lewis and Stewart said little; they examined the house in silent amazement.

"Look," said Lewis, pointing to one of the walls. Stewart examined the wall and noticed that there were traces on it of a faded painted decoration.

"It's like the wall paintings at Pompeii," he said.

"I think the house is modern," remarked Lewis. "It was probably built by some eccentric at the beginning of the nineteenth century, who did it up in Empire style."

"Do you know what time it is?" said Stewart, suddenly. "The sun has set and it's growing dark."

"We must go at once," said Lewis, "we'll come back here to-morrow." They walked on in silence. The wood was dim in the twilight, a fitful breeze made the trees rustle now and again, but the air was just as sultry as ever. The shapes of the trees seemed fantastic and almost threatening in the dimness, and the rustle of the leaves was like a human moan. Once or twice they seemed to hear the grunting of pigs in the undergrowth and to catch sight of bristly backs.

"We don't seem to be getting any nearer the end," said Stewart after a time. "I think we've taken the wrong path." They stopped. "I remember that tree," said Stewart, pointing to a twisted oak; "we must go straight on from there to the left." They walked on and in ten minutes' time found themselves once more at the back of the house. It was now quite dark.

"We shall never find the way now," said Lewis. "We had better sleep in the house." They walked through the house into one of the furthest rooms and settled themselves on the mossy platform. The night was warm and starry, the house deathly still except for the splashing of the water in the basin.

"We shan't get any food," Lewis said.

"I'm not hungry," said Stewart, and Lewis knew that he could not have eaten anything to save his life. He felt utterly exhausted and yet not at all sleepy. Stewart, on the other hand, was overcome with drowsiness. He lay down on the mossy platform and fell asleep almost instantly. Lewis lit a pipe; the vague forebodings he had felt in the morning had returned to him, only increased tenfold. He felt an unaccountable physical discomfort, an inexplicable sensation of uneasiness. Then he realised what it was. He felt there was someone in the house besides themselves, someone or something that was always behind him, moving when

he moved and watching him. He walked into the \_impluvium\_, but heard nothing and saw nothing. There were none of the thousand little sounds, such as the barking of a dog, or the hoot of a night-bird, which generally complete the silence of a summer night. Everything was uncannily still. He returned to the room. He would have given anything to be back on the yacht, for besides the physical sensation of discomfort and of the something watching him he also felt the unmistakable feeling of impending danger that had been with him nearly all day.

He lay down and at last fell into a doze. As he dozed he heard a subdued noise, a kind of buzzing, such as is made by a spinning wheel or a shuttle on a loom, and more strongly than ever he felt that he was being watched. Then all at once his body seemed to grow stiff with fright. He saw someone enter the room from the \_impluvium\_. It was a dim, veiled figure, the figure of a woman. He could not distinguish her features, but he had the impression that she was strangely beautiful; she was bearing a cup in her hands, and she walked towards Stewart and bent over him, offering him the cup.

Something in Lewis prompted him to cry out with all his might: "Don't drink! Don't drink!" He heard the words echoing in the air, just as he had heard the voice in the boat; he felt that it was imperative to call out, and yet he could not: he was paralysed; the words would not come. He formed them with his lips, but no sound came. He tried with all his might to rise and scream, and he could not move. Then a sudden cold faintness came upon him, and he remembered no more till he woke and found the sun shining brightly. Stewart was lying with his eyes closed, moaning loudly in his sleep.

Lewis tried to wake him. He opened his eyes and stared with a fixed, meaningless stare. Lewis tried to lift him from the platform, and then a horrible thing happened. Stewart struggled violently and made a snarling noise, which froze the blood in Lewis's veins. He ran out of the house with cold beads of sweat on his forehead. He ran through the wood to the shore, and there he found the boat. He rowed back to the yacht and fetched some quinine. Then, together with the skipper, the steward, and some other sailors, he returned to the ominous house. They found it empty. There was no trace of Stewart. They shouted in the wood till they were hoarse, but no answer broke the heavy stillness.

Then sending for the rest of the crew, Lewis organised a regular search over the whole island. This lasted till sunset, and they returned in the evening without having found any trace of Stewart or of any other human being. In the night a high wind rose, which soon became a gale; they were obliged to weigh anchor so as not to be dashed against the island, and for twenty-four hours they underwent a terrific tossing. Then the storm subsided as quickly as it had come.

They made for the island once more and reached the spot where they had anchored three days before. There was no trace of the island. It had completely disappeared.

When they reached Teneriffe the next day they found that everybody was talking of the great tidal wave which had caused such great damage and destruction in the islands.

---

## THE CLIFF TEMPLE

by Hilda Doolittle

from *Sea Garden*, EBook #28665

### I

Great, bright portal,  
shelf of rock,  
rocks fitted in long ledges,  
rocks fitted to dark, to silver granite,  
to lighter rock--  
clean cut, white against white.

High--high--and no hill-goat  
tramples--no mountain-sheep  
has set foot on your fine grass;  
you lift, you are the world-edge,  
pillar for the sky-arch.

The world heaved--  
we are next to the sky:  
over us, sea-hawks shout,  
gulls sweep past--  
the terrible breakers are silent  
from this place.

Below us, on the rock-edge,  
where earth is caught in the fissures  
of the jagged cliff,  
a small tree stiffens in the gale,  
it bends--but its white flowers  
are fragrant at this height.

And under and under,  
the wind booms:  
it whistles, it thunders,  
it growls--it presses the grass  
beneath its great feet.

### II

I said:  
for ever and for ever, must I follow you  
through the stones?

I catch at you--you lurch:  
you are quicker than my hand-grasp.

I wondered at you.  
I shouted--dear--mysterious--beautiful--  
white myrtle-flesh.

I was splintered and torn:  
the hill-path mounted  
swifter than my feet.

Could a daemon avenge this hurt,  
I would cry to him--could a ghost,  
I would shout--O evil,  
follow this god,  
taunt him with his evil and his vice.

### III

Shall I hurl myself from here,  
shall I leap and be nearer you?  
Shall I drop, beloved, beloved,  
ankle against ankle?  
Would you pity me, O white breast?

If I woke, would you pity me,  
would our eyes meet?

Have you heard,  
do you know how I climbed this rock?  
My breath caught, I lurched forward--  
stumbled in the ground-myrtle.

Have you heard, O god seated on the cliff,  
how far toward the ledges of your house,  
how far I had to walk?

### IV

Over me the wind swirls.  
I have stood on your portal  
and I know--  
you are further than this,  
still further on another cliff.

---

## LAKE KIVU

by Ewart S. Grogan and Arthur H. Sharp  
from *From the Cape to Cairo*  
EBook #45396

An abrupt descent led us through many straggling villages and endless banana plantations to the German Soudanese post on the extreme south-west point of the lake.

We camped on a small rise opposite the Government stockade and overlooking the lake; the outlet is a long, thin arm, narrowing to where the Rusisi tumbles over the first cascades, and starts on its broken course through the hills to the point whence it finally issues on its long, long journey by Tanganyika to the sea. The body of water leaving the lake is small, but, with the numerous tributaries from east and west, soon swells to a considerable size; and forty miles from Tanganyika it is of about the same volume as the Thames at Richmond.

The south-western extremity of Kivu is really a small lake in itself, separated as it is from the main body of the lake by a narrow neck, which is again almost blocked by a network of islands.

On all sides long straggling promontories jut out into the water, cutting the coast-line into a multitude of lochs and bays.

They are the spurs of the wild groups of hills which enclose Kivu on the east, south, and west sides, and which, ever increasing in height as they recede from the lake-shore, eventually culminate in the mighty peaks which crown the enclosing walls of this vast Rift Valley, in which Tanganyika, Kivu, the Albert Edward, and the Albert Lakes are but residuary pools.

Miles and miles of banana plantations clothe the lower hills, and vast fields of peas give a touch of green to the purples, reds, and yellows of the luxuriant pastures. There are no trees in all the Kivu region nearer than the summits of the distant peaks and the slopes of the volcanoes, with the exception of a very occasional solitary tree on the extreme summit of some of the conspicuous hills. These latter are left untouched, despite the value of wood, and would appear to be held in reverential awe; they form conspicuous landmarks, which may be the primary cause of the superstitions that attach to them. Their existence points to the country having been at one time more or less wooded; and the trees which served no essential purpose have fallen before the requirements of the enormous population.

This same enormous population, and the pervading air of prosperity, are a striking indication of the possibilities of native races left to work out their own destiny.

The far-famed unity and power of the Ruanda people have deterred the Arabs from making slave-raids into their country, and with the exception of one or two Belgian looting expeditions, which fortunately met with no success, they have been left in peace.

All the southern and eastern coast-line drops abruptly into the lake, and there is no beach or marshland such as are found on the other lakes of Central Africa, but the feeding-streams, at their junction with the lake, become papyrus swamps.

There were only ten soldiers in the fort, and they rolled in the lap of luxury, calmly relieving the neighbouring population of what they (the soldiers) considered superfluities, such as goats, sheep, fowls, etc. This is the invariable result of placing natives in a post of responsibility without constant supervision.

As to their duties, they had none; and it was patent that the sole raison d'être of these posts was to be able on the day of reckoning to show a definite asset, a claim to effective occupation--in fine, a fulfilment of the duties imposed upon European powers by the Berlin Conference.

The Soudanese officer in charge was most friendly, and the neighbouring chiefs arrived in long procession and paid their respects. They presented us with several goats and sheep, and when we expressed the wish to purchase more, they brought them along in a ceaseless stream. Subsequently we discovered that the affable Soudanese officer and his brother ruffians, hearing of our approach, had annexed several herds from some villages two days north; these were the beasts that arrived in such bewildering profusion. They had insisted on the owners accepting a handful of beads, thereby establishing a claim to legitimate purchase, and compelled the local natives to bring the beasts in to us as their own property.

There are numerous small villages in the vicinity of the post, and the people, who live in the most wretched huts, thrown up like hayricks, appear to have been very thoroughly blighted by their undesirable neighbours.

An extraordinary feature of Kivu, and the rivers and small lakes of the Kivu system, is the absence of hippopotami and crocodiles. As they swarm in Tanganyika and the Rusizi to the south, and in the Rutchuru and Albert Edward Lake to the north, this is very remarkable. Probably the

abrupt nature of the shore, the depth of water, and the absence of sandbanks and shelving beaches may account for it. The only possible landing-and-resting-places would be the papyrus swamps that I have mentioned as existing at the mouths of the streams; and the water, hurrying down from high altitudes, and shaded from the sun by the papyrus, is here intensely cold, and therefore unsuited to their requirements.

The natives brought us quantities of fish similar in appearance to bream, and of most delicate flavour. The same fish is common in Tanganyika and the Albert Edward. This was the only species that I saw in Kivu, and the natives told me that there are no large fish, such as are found in the other lakes. A conspicuous feature is the extraordinary number of large otters, which are to be seen in scores swimming and diving in every bay. Lake Ngami in South Africa is also remarkable for the number of otters, the skins of which are obtainable in quantities from the natives.

There are many butterflies on the rich pasture-land, the most common kind being almost identical with our *Coleas edusa*.

After a day's rest we marched to Ishangi, the base of Dr. Kandt, who is making an exhaustive study of all the "district." He was most kind, and gave us much useful information and advice.

His work is being done with characteristic German thoroughness. In a recent surveying expedition, in the course of which he travelled 560 miles, he found his error on rounding up the trip amounted to less than a quarter of a mile. This astounding result was obtained by counting every step, and taking three bearings a minute. It is this amazing attention to detail which makes the Teuton so formidable a competitor. Amongst many most interesting specimens, he had the finest pair of tusks that it has ever been my fortune to see. Unfortunately we had no scales, and it was impossible to judge of their weight. The elephant had been shot in Mushari, the country where I afterwards narrowly escaped being eaten. Hearing from the natives that the beast was in a small gully close to camp, Dr. Kandt sallied forth with four soldiers; only the back of the elephant was visible over the scrub, and they fired a volley at four hundred yards. One lucky shot hit the knee and disabled the beast, when the gallant doctor established a valid claim to having killed an elephant, as he naively remarked, by finishing it off. Close to Ishangi is Lubengera, the site of a former Congo Free State station, where a few black troops had been posted to raid cattle from the rich cattle districts of Lubengera and Bugoie.

The mean of my aneroid readings on the lake level was 5,000 ft., and the height of the hills contiguous with the lake ranged between 5,500 and 6,000 ft.



At Ishangi we purchased some spears, amongst others an interesting specimen from Bunyabungu, on the west side of the lake. It was simply a long, coarse spike, and the natives said that the people of Bunyabungu could not manage the final stage of beating it out into a blade. Dr. Kandt warned us about the thieving propensities and light-fingered ability of the Wa Ruanda, and told us how he had suffered from their depredations. One thief had entered his closed tent under the nose of the sentry, and abstracted a pair of trousers from under the pillow on which the doctor was lying. Another had removed the fly of his headman's tent. Consequently, the following night we took the precaution of carefully closing our tents, and of placing all the loads in the third tent, with men sleeping at each end. Notwithstanding, the following morning a tin box weighing 60 lbs. had been taken from my tent, and had completely vanished, while two canvas kit-bags had been abstracted, cut open, and the desirable contents removed. Thus, at one fell swoop, we lost our sextant, artificial horizon, boiling-point thermometers, a bag of one hundred sovereigns, all my trousers, stockings, and socks, and many valuable papers, books, and photographs. On this discovery we summoned the chief, our old friend Ngenzi, who had been hanging on our flanks for about forty miles. He arrived with a supercilious smile and a host of attendants. Having explained the situation, I asked him what he intended to do. "There are many bad men in my country of whom I know nothing," he answered, and again that evil smile flitted over his countenance. It was obvious that bluffing was to be the order of the day; so, taking the same line, we clapped him into the guard-tent, stopped his drinks and smokes, put a guard with fixed bayonets over him, and delivered an ultimatum to the effect that, unless the stolen goods were restored intact by midday, we should take further steps. Of course he protested absolute ignorance, but the sudden and resolute nature of our proceedings took him unawares, and for once the guile of the native failed him. Instead of protesting to a finish, which would have left us powerless to act, he produced by his men a few of the articles that seemed most important to him, such as caps and native shirts. This proved his complicity, and at twelve noon we decided to act. Sharp opened a case of Snider cartridges, issued rounds to the ten men who carried guns, and prepared the camp for defence; while I took my revolver and an old French cutlass purchased in Cornhill, and with my two Watonga carrying my rifles, climbed the hill on which the chief village was situated. Hundreds of natives with spears turned out and showed signs of an intention to resist me.

I harangued them, explained what had happened, and told them that my quarrel was with Ngenzi, and with Ngenzi only; that he had allowed thieves to come and steal the goods of strangers in his country, strangers who had come to see their country, to pass through it on a long journey to far lands, and who had come in peace paying for what they (the natives) brought, receiving and giving presents. I then told

them that I was going to take all Ngenzi's cattle, drive it in to the German post, and let the Germans, their overlords, decide between us. I warned them that any man coming to the camp would be shot, but that they might bring food as usual for sale. Eventually, without firing a shot, I collected and drove in to the camp one hundred and ninety head of cattle.

They made a few tentative rushes at me, but were repulsed by the simple expedient of waving the cutlass in the air. Such were the terrible Ruanda people, whose reputation has spread far and wide, and whose country has been left alone for fear of their military organization. At least five thousand men sat on the hill-tops and watched three men with a revolver, cutlass, and two rifles drive off one hundred and ninety head of cattle; and I am inclined to think that most Central African warfare could be settled as easily. Had I had despatches to write I might have acted differently.

The Germans, overestimating the power of the Ruanda kingdom, had weakened the white man's prestige by subsidizing Ngenzi with extravagant gifts of cloth; and he imagined that he could bleed any one who came into his country.

I have always utterly refused to pay "hongo" [ # ] to any native, and never give presents until I have received one. Then, if the present is a liberal one, I give a yet more liberal present; but if the present is niggardly, I give the exact market value of the goods received, unless, of course, the niggardliness is due to poverty.

[ # ] Tax on people passing through chief's territory.

We placed a strong guard over the cattle, and removed our camp from the undesirable vicinity of the villages to a round, flat-topped hill half a mile to the south. At one end we pitched our three tents and arranged the boys' tents to complete the circle. Inside we fixed a long rope plaited from banana fibre, and kept in position by spears. Inside this circle we drove all the cattle, and we placed pickets round the side of the hill to guard against surprise or an attempt to stampede the herd. The moon rose about midnight, and during the hours of darkness Sharp and I took it in turns to go the rounds. The noise was appalling, as some of the cows had lost their calves; and one or two attempts were made to break through, but we succeeded in quieting them before the panic became general. Thanks to our precautions, the night passed without incident, and in the morning Sharp drove the whole herd over to Ishangi and gave them into the charge of the Soudanese, whom we had summoned from the post at the tail of Kivu.

Of course, immensely exaggerated accounts of our proceedings spread throughout the land, and the chief near Dr. Kandt went to him and asked him whether he had better fly from the country. He was promptly reassured, and the doctor kindly came over to see if he could be of any assistance, while the Soudanese officer sent his men to scour the outlying villages to see if they could find any of our property, but without avail.

Fortunately the natives did not attack Sharp on the road, and with the exception of some difficulty in crossing bogs, he arrived without mishap.

We sent in an exhaustive report to Lieut. von Gravert, and released Ngenzi with a caution. He promptly made up for lost time in the way of tobacco and pombe, and was most respectful. That sinister smile has for ever faded from his dusky features, and I am sure the lesson has been of inestimable benefit to him.

For many days to come it was curious to see the military appearance of our Manyema: no one stirred from the camp without two spears, a sword-knife, and, if possible, a gun with fixed bayonet.

The smaller fry were delighted at the humiliation of the mighty Mtusi, and many came in to do obeisance and thank us for our action.

Society in Ruanda is divided into two castes, the Watusi and the Wahutu.

The Watusi, who are practically identical with the Wahuma, are the descendants of a great wave of Galla invasion that reached even to Tanganyika. They still retain their pastoral instincts, and refuse to do any work other than the tending of cattle; and so great is their affection for their beasts, that rather than sever company they will become slaves, and do the menial work of their beloved cattle for the benefit of their conquerors. This is all the more remarkable when one takes into consideration their inherent pride of race and contempt for other peoples, even for the white man. They are most jealous of their descent, and no Mtusi woman ever marries any one but a Mtusi. A Mtusi man will take another woman as a working wife, but his true wife is invariably of his own stock, and her children alone can succeed to his position.

The half-castes, and individuals with any trace of Mtusi blood, form a medium between the full-blooded Watusi and the aborigines, whom they call Wahutu, but associate only with the upper class, or are the paramount chiefs of insignificant districts. Many signs of superior civilization, observable in the peoples with whom the Watusi have come into contact, are traceable to this Galla influence.

The hills are terraced, thus increasing the area of cultivation, and obviating the denudation of the fertile slopes by torrential rains. In many places irrigation is carried out on a sufficiently extensive scale, and the swamps are drained by ditches. Artificial reservoirs are built with side troughs for watering cattle. The fields are in many instances fenced in by planted hedges of euphorbia and thorn, and similar fences are planted along the narrow parts of the main cattle tracks, to prevent the beasts from straying or trampling down the cultivation.

There is also an exceptional diversity of plants cultivated, such as hungry rice, maize, red and white millet, several kinds of beans, peas, bananas, and the edible arum. Some of the higher-growing beans are even trained on sticks planted for the purpose. Pumpkins and sweet potatoes are also common; and the Watusi own and tend enormous herds of cattle, goats, and sheep. Owing to the magnificent pasturage, the milk is of excellent quality, and they make large quantities of butter. They are exceedingly clever with their beasts, and have many calls which the cattle understand. At milking-time they light smoke-fires to keep the flies from irritating the beasts.

All the dairy utensils are of wood, and are kept scrupulously clean; but they have an unpleasant method of repairing cracked jars by filling up the crevices with cow-dung, and of using the urine as the cleansing medium.

They are tall, slightly-built men, of graceful, nonchalant carriage, and their features are delicate and refined. I noticed many faces that, bleached and set in a white collar, would have been conspicuous for character in a London drawing-room. The legal type was especially pronounced.

Centuries of undisputed sway have left their mark in the \_blasØ\_, supercilious manner of the majority; and in many ways they are a remarkable and far from unattractive people.

The Wahutu are their absolute antithesis. They are the aborigines of the country, and any pristine originality or character has been effectually stamped out of them. Hewers of wood and drawers of water, they do all the hard work, and unquestioning, in abject servility, give up the proceeds on demand. Their numerical proportion to the Watusi must be at least a hundred to one, yet they defer to them without protest; and in spite of the obvious hatred in which they hold their overlords, there seems to be no friction.

Formerly there was a far-reaching and effective feudal system, which constituted the proverbial strength of the kingdom of Ruanda.

The king was supreme, and the sole owner of all the cattle in the

country; the large provinces were administered by prominent Watusi, usually blood-relations of his Majesty, whose power locally was absolute, but who were directly responsible to him for the acts of the subordinate chiefs and for the loss of cattle. Each subordinate, again, had the use of a portion of the cattle, for which he was directly responsible to the satrap of the district. The king's title is "Kigeri;" "Ntwala" is the title of the satraps; and the term "Sultani" is usually applied to the smaller chiefs. The old Kigeri died, and the rule passed to his son Musinga, who appears to have been a mere child.

There is a native superstition against the Kigeri being seen by strangers, and consequently a substitute, an individual known to the natives as Pamba Rugamba, has been presented to the Germans who have visited the Residence. The child appears also to have died, and the power now is divided between Kisunga and Gwamu or Mwami. Mwami was the name told to me by many natives, but it appears to be merely a title, as other natives addressed me as "Mwami." These two men were described as the sons of the old Kigeri, possibly by another wife than the mother of Musinga; but son is such an elastic term with natives that they may have been nephews. This division has materially weakened the strength of the Ruanda kingdom.

In Africa almost every kingdom is divided against itself, as well as against every other, so that unity is indeed strength. And it was this unity which constituted the power of Ruanda and of the Zulus, just as at the present day it constitutes the power of the mighty Dinka and Shilluk tribes of the Nile.

While Sharp was away I purchased several curios from the natives, and amongst others a most curious bracelet that I was informed came from the Nyema district of the Congo. It consisted of a semi-tubular circle of iron, the hollow being filled up with a crude ivory mosaic held in place by rubber.

The Germans, who have a favourable opinion of the possibilities of the Ruanda country, are talking of sending emigrants there. The soil is very rich, but the country is so inaccessible that I fail to see how they could be self-supporting--a desirable condition for emigrants--or how they could cultivate anything for export that would bear the cost of transport.

Amongst the natives who brought produce for sale were two pigmies; they were most curious little fellows, and appeared to be immensely powerful. I fancy they were not quite pure-bred dwarfs, or else they had been enslaved when young, as they had none of the shyness so characteristic of this singular little people, and appeared to be living with the local natives.

To the south-east the enclosing line of hills culminates in four large peaks of 8,000 to 9,000 ft. All four are conspicuous landmarks for many miles.

A favourite device of the Manyema carriers, when in a country of thieves, is to conceal a load of cloth during the night; in the morning they arrive in great distress, and say that a load has been stolen; nothing can be done; the unsuspecting traveller abuses the natives, the land, and other things, and the wily Manyema annexes the lost load on his return home. To obviate this, we informed them that every man in future would be held responsible for his own load, and that he would have to make good, out of his pay, any loss or damage. This was doubly necessary, as Swahilis and Manyema generally contrive to find a boy or starveling who will carry their load for a consideration. Apropos of this point, I find the following in my diary: "Talk about Charles Kingsley's description of sweating as a result of civilization! Here we have porters hiring natives who hire others to the fourth degree, each walking along like a gentleman and pocketing his proportion. There is nothing new in this world."

The difficulty of preventing our Manyema ruffians from swindling the natives was almost insuperable. After the Ngenzi fracas, I discovered that they were making capital out of our action to extort things from the natives; so I insisted that for a time every transaction should be performed before me. If a carrier wished to buy a bunch of bananas from a native, he brought the native with the bananas to my tent, and they bargained, and the price was paid in my presence.

One of the blackest of our villains promptly sent his small boy out into a neighbouring plantation, whence he issued in the scanty garb of a local native with a bunch of bananas. The villain, the boy, and the bananas appeared before me, and they solemnly performed the bargaining and payment. But I had been waiting for that villain, and without appearing to do so, watched the issue. They all repaired to their tent, and the boy resumed his garments, when they fell to on what they fondly believed was a cheap feed--a belief which a ceaseless succession of fatigue-duties soon dispelled.

Three fiords, several miles in length, necessitated a wide detour. The scenery was superb: a lacework of bays, lochs, and inlets with endless choppy waves of hills sweeping away to the great purple surf of the distant ranges; islets galore, and the vast rugged mass of the island of Kwijwi as a background.

For several days we had much trouble in allaying the fears of the natives; terrible accounts had preceded us, and the entire population fled to the hills on our approach. The fact of our carriers being Manyema, a name of terror throughout Central Africa, was not reassuring

to the poor creatures, whose only knowledge of Manyema had been gathered from the Congo Free State soldiers, who for a time had been posted on Kivu, and from reports of the atrocities committed by the revolted troops during the past five years. Accounts also of the cannibals who were battering at the gates of Bugoie must have reached them from their northern kinsfolk. Black masses of natives in a silvery sea of glinting spearheads watched us from every hill-top. Fortunately we had several days' food for our men, and when the natives saw that we passed through without touching even a bunch of bananas, they were reassured, and a few were eventually induced to approach and talk. We caught two of our men stealing, and inflicted condign punishment before a small body of natives who were in camp, explaining the circumstances, and telling them, in case of a repetition of the offence, to come and lay a complaint. But it would be easier to stop a monkey from scratching than a Manyema from stealing; and as the state of unrest of the native population was a grave danger, and petty thefts would probably have precipitated an attack, which we were ill prepared to repulse, we confined all our boys to camp, made water-carrying for the whole camp a fatigue-duty, and established a market where the natives might sell their produce under our personal supervision. I explained the expediency of our action, and told them that there were some such abandoned ruffians amongst them that they must all suffer for the misdeeds of the miscreants. They appeared satisfied, but as we were sitting down to lunch, I noticed an unusual stir in the lines. On going out I found that they were all packing up their belongings and preparing to depart; about thirty were already moving off. It was obviously an attempt to bluff us, as the experience of the boys who ran away at Tanganyika had taught them that it would be impossible to avoid detection even if they succeeded in passing through Ngenzi's country, which they knew would be impossible in view of the then state of the natives. It was a critical moment. If the camp broke up, the entire expedition would be inevitably massacred by the Ruanda. I took my rifle and dashed off in pursuit, accompanied by my two Watonga; while Sharp, revolver in one hand and rifle in the other, threatened to shoot the first man who moved. Rushing over a rise, I saw the ringleader, one of our worst villains, and the originator of the idea, leading about two hundred yards away; I fired at him, just as he turned the corner of the hill, fully intending to drop him. The bullet removed his fez. Down he dropped into the grass, and the whole thirty did likewise. After a few shots in the air, to keep up their anxiety, I sent a headman out to order them back to camp, saying that the affair was now ended, and that I should not know who had left camp. As I expected, every one was present at roll-call, half an hour after dark. The position was saved. In the course of a long harangue, I informed them again of the absolute necessity of confining them to camp till the natives should be reassured; explained that I had spared the ringleader this time, and had removed his hat to show him with what ease I could have killed him had I wished to do so (a remark that my gun-bearer, Makanjira, assured them

was true); said that it was for their benefit that we desired friendly relations with the population; we had no desire to see a lot of dirty natives, we wished nothing from them; had we not, as they well knew, food for many weeks in boxes? But if the natives refused to come, where would they be able to buy goats, fowls, tobacco, and all the things that rejoiced the stomachs of men?

The bluff was outbluffed, and with ringing cheers the men returned to their fires to jabber and howl with laughter far into the night. From discontent to merry laughter is but a momentary transition with the African.

From the ridge on which we were encamped we looked down upon a perfect spot, a long arm of the lake winding in between striking hills, terminating in a small bay. Banana palms with the tiny villages nestling in their midst fringed the shore. Weird little islands covered with ibis and demoiselle crane were dotted about. A wall of papyrus showed where the tumbling stream that danced down the encircling hills entered the lake, and the glorious colouring and strong shadows brought out the picture into striking relief. Sharp said it reminded him of Japan; there was an air of *\_dolce far niente\_* heavy with the lush glamour of the tropics that carried me back to the South Seas.

The following day we succeeded, after much shouting, in inducing a half-bred Mtusi to come to us. We gave him a present, and told him to go and explain that we wanted to buy provisions; and that if the natives would not come we should be compelled, much against our will, to take what was necessary. He departed, promising to do so, but nobody appeared. After waiting several hours, I took ten men out with me, and cut sufficient bananas for the men; and though I tried for two days to induce the chief to come for payment, he never appeared. This was the sole occasion during the whole of my long trip in Africa when I had to commandeer anything from the natives. I quite agree with Colonel Lugard when he says that it is unnecessary. This was the last time that we had any difficulty with the natives. Seeing that we refrained from looting their fields, they plucked up courage, and came in the same numbers as when we first entered the country. The hordes of warriors whom we had seen sitting on the tops of the hills in the distance came and mingled freely with our men, and a brisk trade started in the numerous products of the country. From many of our camps the scenery was most beautiful; as we rounded the south-eastern corner of the lake, the whole expanse of water opened out before us. The track we followed often led over hills 1,500 ft. above the lake; and from many positions we could look down on the vast oily expanse of water, deep set in its basin of innumerable hills, dotted with a thousand islets, stretching far away till it was lost in the shimmering haze of the northern shore, where, crisp and clear, towered the mighty mass of Mount G tzen, whose jet of smoke alone broke the steel-blue dome of sky.



Close to this part are the sources of the Nyavolongo, which are the real sources of the Victoria Nile. At the actual angle of the lake there is an extensive valley, which is the real frontier of Ngenzi's district, Mukinyaga. Every available inch of this extensive fertile valley is covered with luxuriant crops of beans, peas, sweet potatoes, and millet. To the east, up this valley, lies the road to the old Kigeri's residence, which is about five days' march from the lake.

Here there is a district which is divided up amongst many chiefs, and which seems to have no representative name. At the mouth of the stream that flows down this valley, the lake shores, if possible, are still more broken than elsewhere. The hills which cover the country around Kivu appear to have been sprinkled out of a pepper-pot, they are in the main disconnected, and the country seems almost to have boiled. The hollows are in places filled with papyrus swamps, many of which have drained dry, and now form level lawns a few feet above the lake.

The population round this valley is enormous. The northern wall of the valley rises very abruptly, and the path led along precipitous passes. The scenery is most striking. From the top of this plateau we caught our first glimpse of the volcanoes, the sharp outline of the four main peaks standing out clear and crisp above the misty haze that surrounds their base.

One day's march brought us to the district of Lubengera, which is remarkable for the number of Watusi. There seems to be no prominent chief among them. The banana plantations are of amazing extent, and literally clothe many of the hills from top to bottom. In this district especially we remarked the extreme neatness of the fields and the scattered nature of the villages. The Ruanda do not live together in great numbers, but are scattered far and wide over the country; their villages would perhaps be more aptly described as farms.

It is remarkable that throughout the whole of this country, as in the valley of the Rusisi, there were no antelope, and until we arrived near the wooded slopes of the volcanoes, where a few of the natives had bushbuck skins, we never saw any traces of their having been obtained.

All the natives of Ruanda are great smokers; they use small, neatly-made, and sometimes grotesquely-carved, black clay pipes. At this stage we were much troubled by complaints from our boys of petty thefts. On going thoroughly into the question, I found that besides the numerous slave boys whom our Manyema carriers had brought up from Ujiji, they had picked up many more on the road. Some of these had recently bolted, taking everything upon which they could lay their hands. As it was desirable to stop this, we had all the boys brought up, and registered them. All those who could not show that they had come either

from Ujiji or Usambara were given twenty-four hours' notice to quit. I also forbade our carriers to hire local natives to carry their loads, and thus rendered our caravan on the march much more compact, and thereby less open to attack.

On the far coast of the lake two striking hills were plainly visible; these are evidently placed on the two promontories which I have suggested as existing in my map. From the numerous observations which I took, I came to the conclusion that the islands to the north of Kwijwi have either risen since Count Gtzen's visit, or else that he underestimated their size; which seems scarcely possible, as he actually landed on one or two of them.

As we were approaching the north end of the lake, several attempts were made to raid the camp at night, and at one place in particular the thieves were very resolute, and succeeded in stealing many small things from the boys. The sentry came and woke me up during the night, and told me that persistent attempts were being made to enter the camp; so I went out, and taking up my position outside the lines, under the cover of a small bush, I succeeded in capturing one of the thieves by collaring him low. This form of attack was unexpected, and though he was greased he failed to escape. The following morning he was handed over to the chief, and suffered the usual penalty of convicted thieves, his head being cut off and placed on the path, as a warning to others. This fortunate capture definitely settled the thieving question.

After crossing the Kashale, we entered the populous and fertile district of Bugoie. The chief is variously called Gwamu or Mwami, and is now, as I have before stated, one of the joint kings of Ruanda. All the way up this coast the scenery is exquisite; nowhere, except in the sounds of New Zealand, have I ever seen anything so fine, and the nearer we approached the mighty volcanoes, the more dazzlingly beautiful and the more imposing it became.

At one of our camps we were besieged by an army of biting and poisonous ants, and I was just turning in when they assaulted my tent. Countless thousands swarmed all over my blankets and into my boxes and my clothes, and over every available inch both of my person and belongings. Calling my boys to my rescue, we endeavoured to save at least a blanket, and fled precipitately. But so thick were they that it was impossible to escape them. However, eventually the main body had moved on to other people's quarters, and I succeeded in rescuing my camp-bed, which I fixed up in another tent with all four legs in basins of water; by this means I managed to pass the night without more than three or four hundred around me. Sharp, who at first had looked upon it as a great joke, became the main object of their attentions during the small hours of the morning.

Here the people became very friendly again, and one chief provided us with two guides and two cattle-men, who undertook to go with us as far as the northern slopes of the volcanoes. One of these guides and one of the cattle-men bolted the following day with a few trifles, but the other two stuck to us well, and found our company so agreeable that they even followed me right through to the Nile, where they met a sad fate.

The Ruanda people are even more superstitious than most Central African natives. They wear medicine (native name *\_dawa\_*) to guard them against every conceivable ill, such as pains in the stomach, leopards, death, etc., etc. It is curious that the natives, like the lower animals, seem to be unable to grasp the fact that they will die; such a thing as a natural death they cannot understand, and always attribute the event to some form of violence, which, if not obvious, they describe as the effect of the "evil eye." The tip of a cow's horn, inlaid with ivory, is considered particularly efficacious against a pain in the side; and if a man wears two small leather bottles round his neck, he can never die. A large red bean is a sure preventive against leopards. One native wore an extraordinary bracelet; it was made of wood, and beautifully worked with various metals; the total weight must have been at least two pounds. He promised to come into camp and sell it to me; but, having promised, naturally did not come. Of all the liars in Africa, I believe the people of Ruanda are by far the most thorough. I have pointed to a mountain 13,000 ft. high, at a distance of three miles, and asked my native guide whether there was a mountain there: he would say "No!" On the march, if I asked whether there was water near, and he told me "yes," I knew that it would take at least six hours to find the next stream, and therefore camped where I was; if, however, he said that there was no water, one could be perfectly certain of finding several streams within the course of the next ten minutes. Even amongst themselves they appear to talk in the same way, and many of the instances, such as I have mentioned, are so extraordinary that I cannot help thinking that it is a custom. I believe at one place on the coast there is a form of Swahili which is spoken backwards, or rather the end of the word is put first. It seems to me to be just conceivable that the same train of reasoning may affect the habits of speech of the Wa Ruanda.

The natives assured me that there were many elephants on the north side of the volcanoes and also to the west, in the countries of Mushari and Gishari; for this reason I was sorely tempted to doubt their existence; however, from Dr. Kandt's remarks we thought it would be worth while, later on, to go and see.

We had a lot of trouble with our cattle-folk. The head cattle-man was a most persistent, pertinacious scoundrel, and as soon as he was detected in one villainy he invariably tried another; the result being that, although we had ten cows, there was barely enough milk for two people,

and butter was quite out of the question. So we determined to take the thing in hand, and make a big effort to find out where the leakage was. As we had expected, under our personal supervision, there was a quantity of milk, enough for us both, and plenty with which we could make butter.

The method of making butter, a task which was entrusted to the headman's wife, is as follows: The woman squatted down on the ground, and taking an enormous flat gourd, containing milk which had been kept for three days, she proceeded to rock it to and fro, bringing it up short against her thigh. She assured us that, for the purpose of obtaining butter, it was absolutely necessary to insert two small pieces of wood as medicine. Judging from the quantity of butter, I doubted its efficacy; and suspecting that there was some new villainy in hand, as we obtained about a quarter of an ounce of butter from a bucket full of milk, we waited till the process was complete, and then told her to bring the gourd to us. All my doubts as to the efficacy of the two bits of wood were removed when I discovered that they were just large enough to jam in the neck of the gourd, and that, perched on the top of them, was a pound and a half of butter. She was quite unabashed at the discovery, and evidently mentally prayed that she would have better luck next time, which I have no doubt she did, although not in that particular method.

On our last march up the side of the lake the cattle were, owing to the steep nature of the road, left a long way behind; a band of natives attacked them, but the cattle-guard, firing a few rounds, which did more harm to themselves than to anybody else, repulsed the attack. Hearing about it, I sent Makanjira, my gun-bearer, back, and with his help they brought them all in without mishap.

At the north-east corner of the lake there is an abrupt descent, and to the north of the lake the country is flat, gently sloping to the base of the large, active volcano.

---

## In a Coffee-Shop

by H. M. Tomlinson

from *London River*, eBook #15167

With a day of rain, Dockland is set in its appropriate element. It does not then look better than before, but it looks what it is. Not sudden April showers are meant, sparkling and revivifying, but a drizzle, thin and eternal, as if the rain were no more than the shadow cast by a sky as unchanging as poverty. When real night comes, then the street lamps dissolve ochreous hollows in the murk. It was such a day as that; it was not night, for the street lamps were not alight. There was no sound. The rain was as noiseless as the passage of time. Two other wayfarers were in the street with me. One had no right there, nor anywhere, and knew it, slinking along with his head and tail held low, trailing a length of string through the puddles. The other, too, seemed lost. He was idling as if one street was the same as another, and on that day there was rain in all. He came towards me, with his hands in his pockets and his coat collar up. He turned on me briskly, with a sudden decision, when he drew level. Water dripped from the peak of his cap, and his clothes were heavy and dark with it. He spoke. "Mister, could ye give me a hand up? I've made a mess of it." His cheerful and rather insolent assurance faltered for a moment. He then mumbled: "I've been on the booze y'understand." But there was still something in his tone which suggested that any good man might have done the same thing.

It is not easy to be even sententious with the sinful when an open confession robs us of our moral prerogative, so I only told him that it seemed likely booze had something to do with it. His age could have been forty; but it was not easy to judge, for the bridge of his nose was a livid depression. Some accident had pushed in his face under the eyes, giving him the battered aspect of ancient sin. His sinister appearance would have frightened any timid lady if he had stopped her in such a street, on such a day, with nobody about but a lost dog, and the houses, it could be supposed, deserted, or their inmates secluded in an abandonment to misery. And, taking another glance at him, I thought it probable, from the frank regard of the blue and frivolous eye which met mine, that he would have recognized timidity in a lady at a distance, and would have passed her without seeing her. Uncertain whether his guess in stopping me was lucky, he began pulling nervously at a bleached moustache. His paw was the colour of leather. Its nails were broken and stained with tar.

"Can't you get work?" I suggested. "Why don't you go to sea?"

This deliberately unfair question shook his upright confidence in

himself, and perhaps convinced him that he had, after all, stopped a fool. He took his cap off, and flung a shower from it--it had been draining into his moustache--and asked whether I did not think he looked poor enough for a sailor.

Then I heard how he came to be there. Two days before he had signed the articles of the steamship \_Bilbao\_. His box had gone aboard, and that contained all his estate. The skipper, to be sure of his man, had taken care of his discharge book, and so was in possession of the only proof of his identity. Then he left the shipping office, and met some friends.

Those friends! "That was a fine girl," he said, speaking more to the rain than to me. "I never seen a finer." I began to show signs of moving away. "Don't go, mister. She was all right. I lay you never seen a finer. Look here. I reckon you know her." He plunged an eager hand into an inner pocket. "Ever heard of Angel Light? She's on the stage. It's a fact. She showed me her name herself on a programme last night. There y'are." He triumphed with a photograph, and his gnarled forefinger pointed at an exposed set of teeth under an extraordinary hat. "Eh, ain't that all right? On the stage, too. Met her at the corner of Pennyfields."

It was still raining. He flung another shower from his cap. I was impatient, but he took my lapel confidentially. "Guv'nor," he said, "if I could find the swab as took my money, I lay I'd make him look so as his own mother 'ud turn her back on him. I would. Ten quid."

He had, it appeared, lost those friends. He was now seeking, with varying emotions, both the girl and the swab. I suggested the dock and his ship would be a better quest. No, it was no good, he said. He tried that late last night. Both had gone. The policeman at the gate told him so. The dock was there again this morning, but a different policeman; and whatever improbable world the dock and the policeman of midnight had visited, there they had left his ship, inaccessible, tangled hopelessly in a revolving mesh of saloon lights and collapsing streets. Now he had no name, no history, no character, no money, and he was hungry.

We went into a coffee-shop. It stands at the corner of the street which is opposite the \_Steam Packet\_ beerhouse. You may recognize the place, for it is marked conspicuously as a good pull-up for carmen, though then the carmen were taking their vans steadily past it. The buildings of a shipwright's yard stand above it, and the hammers of the yard beat with a continuous rhythmic clangour which recedes, when you are used to it, till it is only the normal pulse of life in your ears. The time was three in the afternoon. The children were at school, and alone the men of the iron-yard made audible the unseen life of the

place. We had the coffee-shop to ourselves. On the counter a jam roll was derelict. Some crumpled and greasy newspapers sprawled on the benches. The outcast squeezed into a corner of a bench, and a stout and elderly matron appeared, drying her bare arms on her apron, and looked at us with annoyance. My friend seized her hand, patted it, and addressed her in terms of extravagant endearment. She spoke to him about that. But food came; and as he ate--how he ate!--I waited, looking into my own mug of tepid brown slop at twopence the pint. There was a racing calendar punctuated with dead flies, and a picture in the dark by the side of the door of Lord Beaconsfield, with its motto: "For God, King, and Country"; and there was a smell which comes of long years of herrings cooked on a gas grill. At last the hungry child had finished scraping his plate and wiping his moustache with his hands. He brought out a briar pipe, and a pouch of hairy skin, and faded behind a blue cloud. From behind the cloud he spoke at large, like a confident disreputable Jove who had been skylarking for years with the little planet Earth.

At a point in his familiar reminiscences my dwindling interest vanished, and I noticed again, through the window, the house fronts of the place I knew once, when Poplar was salt. The lost sailor himself was insignificant. What was he? A deck hand; one who tarred iron, and could take a trick at the wheel when some one was watching him. The place outside might have been any dismal neighbourhood of London. Its character had gone.

The tap-tapping on iron plates in the yard next door showed where we were today. The sailor was silent for a time, and we listened together to the sound of rivets going home. "That's right," said the outcast. "Make them bite. Good luck to the rivets. What yard is that?" I told him.

"What? I didn't know it was about here. That place! Well, it's a good yard, that. They're all right. I was on a steamer that went in there, one trip. She wanted it, too. You could put a chisel through her. But they only put in what they were paid for, not what she wanted. The old \_Starlight\_. She wouldn't have gone in then but for a bump she got. Do you know old Jackson? Lives in Foochow Street round about here somewhere. He's lived next to that pub in Foochow Street for years and years. He was the old man of the \_Starlight\_. He's a sailor all right, is Jackson.

"The last trip I had with him was ten months ago. The \_Starlight\_ came in here to the West Dock with timber. She had to go into dry-dock, and I signed on for her again when she was ready. This used to be my home, Poplar, before I married that Cardiff woman. Do you know Poplar at all? Poplar's all right. We went over to Rotterdam for something or other, but sailed from there light, for Fowey. We loaded about three

thousand tons of china clay for Baltimore.

"The sea got up when we were abreast of the Wolf that night, and she was a wet ship. 'We're running into it,' said old Jackson to the mate. I was at the wheel. 'Look out, and call me if I'm wanted.'"

The man pushed his plate away, and leaned towards me, elbows on the table, putting close his flat and brutish face, with his wet hair plastered over all the brow he had. He appeared to be a little drowsy with food. "Ever crossed the Western ocean in winter? Sometimes there's nothing in it. But when it's bad there's no word for it. There was our old bitch, filling up for'ard every time she dropped, and rolling enough to shift the boilers. We reckoned something was coming all right. Then when it began to blow, from dead ahead, the old man wouldn't ease her. That was like old Jackson. It makes you think of your comfortable little home, watching them big grey-backs running by your ship, and no hot grub because the galley's flooded. The Wolf was only two days behind us, and we had all the way to go. It was lively, guv'nor. The third night I was in with the cook helping him to get something for the men. They'd been roping her hatches. The covers were beginning to come adrift, y'understand. The cook, he was slipping about, grousing all round. Then she stopped dead, and the lights went out. Something swept right over us with a hell of a rush, and I felt the deck give under my feet. The galley filled with water. 'Christ, she's done,' shouted the cook.

"We scrambled out. It was too dark to see anything, but we could hear the old man shouting. The engines had stopped. I fell over some wreckage." The sailor stroked his nose. "This is what it did.

"Next morning you wouldn't have known the old Starlight. All her boats had gone, and she had a list to port like a roof. You wanted to be a bird to get about her. The crowd looked blue enough when they saw the falls flying around at daylight, and only bits of boats. It was a case. Every time she lay down in the trough, and a sea went over her solid, we watched her come up again. She took her time about it.

"The engineers were at it below, trying to get her clear. They had the donkey going. In the afternoon we sighted a steamer's smoke to westward. She bore down on us. I never seen anything I liked better than that. Then the Chief came up, and I saw him talking to the old man. The old man climbed round to us. 'Now, lads,' he said, 'there's a Cunarder coming. But the engineer says he reckons he's getting her clear of water. What about it? Shall I signal the liner, or will you stand by her?'

"We let the Cunarder go. I watched her out of sight. We hung around, and just about sunset the Chief came up again. I heard what he said.



'It's overhauling us fast, sir,' he said to the old man. The old man, he stood looking down at the deck. Nobody said anything for a spell. Then a fireman shot through a companion on all fours, scrambled to the bulwarks, and looked out. He began cursing the sun, shaking his fist at it every time it popped over the seas. It was low down. It was funny to hear him. 'So long, chaps,' he said, and dropped overside.

"We waited all night. I couldn't sleep, what with the noise of the seas running over us, and waiting for something to happen. It was perishing cold, too. At sun-up I could see she might pitch under at any time. She was about awash. The old man came to me and the steward, and said: 'Give the men all the gin they'll drink. Fill 'em up.' Some of 'em took it. I never knew a ship take such a hell of a time to sink as that one.

"I sighted the steamer, right ahead, and we wondered whether the iron under us would wait till she come. We counted every roller that went over us. The other steamer was a slow ship all right. But she came up, and put out her boats. We had to lower the drunks into them. I left in the last boat with the old man. 'Jim,' he said, looking at her as we left her, 'she's got no more than five minutes now. I just felt her drop. Something's given way.' Before we got to the other ship we saw the \_Starlight's\_ propeller in the air. Right on end. Yes. I never seen anything like that--and then she just went . . ."

The sailor made a grimace at me and nodded. From the shipwright's next door the steady, continuous hammering in the dry-dock was heard again, as though it had been waiting, and were now continuing the yarn.

---

## FLICKERBRIDGE

by Henry James

from *Some Short Stories*, Etext #2327

### CHAPTER I

Frank Granger had arrived from Paris to paint a portrait--an order given him, as a young compatriot with a future, whose early work would some day have a price, by a lady from New York, a friend of his own people and also, as it happened, of Addie's, the young woman to whom it was publicly both affirmed and denied that he was engaged. Other young women in Paris--fellow-members there of the little tight transpontine world of art-study--professed to know that the pair had "several times" over renewed their fond understanding. This, however, was their own affair; the last phase of the relation, the last time of the times, had passed into vagueness; there was perhaps even an impression that if they were inscrutable to their friends they were not wholly crystalline to each other and themselves. What had occurred for Granger at all events in connexion with the portrait was that Mrs. Bracken, his intending model, whose return to America was at hand, had suddenly been called to London by her husband, occupied there with pressing business, but had yet desired that her displacement should not interrupt her sittings. The young man, at her request, had followed her to England and profited by all she could give him, making shift with a small studio lent him by a London painter whom he had known and liked a few years before in the French atelier that then cradled, and that continued to cradle, so many of their kind.

The British capital was a strange grey world to him, where people walked, in more ways than one, by a dim light; but he was happily of such a turn that the impression, just as it came, could nowhere ever fail him, and even the worst of these things was almost as much an occupation--putting it only at that--as the best. Mrs. Bracken moreover passed him on, and while the darkness ebbed a little in the April days he found himself consolingly committed to a couple of fresh subjects. This cut him out work for more than another month, but meanwhile, as he said, he saw a lot--a lot that, with frequency and with much expression, he wrote about to Addie. She also wrote to her absent friend, but in briefer snatches, a meagreness to her reasons for which he had long since assented.

She had other play for her pen as well as, fortunately, other remuneration; a regular correspondence for a "prominent Boston paper," fitful connexions with public sheets perhaps also in cases fitful, and a mind above all engrossed at times, to the exclusion of everything else, with the study of the short story. This last was what she had mainly come out to go into, two or three years after he had found himself engulfed in the mystery of Carolus. She was indeed, on her own deep sea, more engulfed than he had ever been, and he had grown to accept the sense that, for progress too, she sailed under more canvas. It hadn't been particularly present to him till now that he had in the least got on, but the way in which Addie had--and evidently still more would--was the theme, as it were, of every tongue. She had thirty short stories out and nine descriptive articles. His three or four portraits of fat American ladies--they were all fat, all ladies and all American--were a poor show compared with these triumphs; especially as Addie had begun to throw out that it was about time they should go home. It kept perpetually coming up in Paris, in the transpontine world, that, as the phrase was, America had grown more interesting since they left. Addie was attentive to the rumour, and, as full of conscience as she was of taste, of patriotism as of curiosity, had often put it to him frankly, with what he, who was of New York, recognised as her New England emphasis: "I'm not sure, you know, that we do REAL justice to our country." Granger felt he would do it on the day--if the day ever came--he should irrevocably marry her. No other country could possibly have produced her.

## CHAPTER II

But meanwhile it befell that, in London, he was stricken with influenza and with subsequent sorrow. The attack was short but sharp--had it lasted Addie would certainly have come to his aid; most of a blight really in its secondary stage. The good ladies his sitters--the ladies with the frizzled hair, with the diamond earrings, with the chins tending to the massive--left for him, at the door of his lodgings, flowers, soup and love, so that with their assistance he pulled through; but his convalescence was slow and his weakness out of proportion to the muffled shock. He came out, but he went about lame; it tired him to paint--he felt as if he had been ill three months. He strolled in Kensington Gardens when he should have been at work; he sat long on penny chairs and helplessly mused and mooned. Addie desired him to return to Paris, but there were chances under his hand that he felt he had just wit enough left not to relinquish. He would have gone for a week to

the sea--he would have gone to Brighton; but Mrs. Bracken had to be finished--Mrs. Bracken was so soon to sail. He just managed to finish her in time--the day before the date fixed for his breaking ground on a greater business still, the circumvallation of Mrs. Dunn. Mrs. Dunn duly waited on him, and he sat down before her, feeling, however, ere he rose, that he must take a long breath before the attack. While asking himself that night, therefore, where he should best replenish his lungs he received from Addie, who had had from Mrs. Bracken a poor report of him, a communication which, besides being of sudden and startling interest, applied directly to his case.

His friend wrote to him under the lively emotion of having from one day to another become aware of a new relative, an ancient cousin, a sequestered gentlewoman, the sole survival of "the English branch of the family," still resident, at Flickerbridge, in the "old family home," and with whom, that he might immediately betake himself to so auspicious a quarter for change of air, she had already done what was proper to place him, as she said, in touch. What came of it all, to be brief, was that Granger found himself so placed almost as he read: he was in touch with Miss Wenham of Flickerbridge, to the extent of being in correspondence with her, before twenty-four hours had sped. And on the second day he was in the train, settled for a five-hours' run to the door of this amiable woman who had so abruptly and kindly taken him on trust and of whom but yesterday he had never so much as heard. This was an oddity--the whole incident was--of which, in the corner of his compartment, as he proceeded, he had time to take the size. But the surprise, the incongruity, as he felt, could but deepen as he went. It was a sufficiently queer note, in the light, or the absence of it, of his late experience, that so complex a product as Addie should have ANY simple insular tie; but it was a queerer note still that she should have had one so long only to remain unprofitably unconscious of it. Not to have done something with it, used it, worked it, talked about it at least, and perhaps even written--these things, at the rate she moved, represented a loss of opportunity under which as he saw her, she was peculiarly formed to wince. She was at any rate, it was clear, doing something with it now; using it, working it, certainly, already talking--and, yes, quite possibly writing--about it. She was in short smartly making up what she had missed, and he could take such comfort from his own action as he had been helped to by the rest of the facts, succinctly reported from Paris on the very morning of his start.

It was the singular story of a sharp split--in a good English house--that dated now from years back. A worthy Briton, of the best middling stock, had, during the fourth decade of the century, as a very young man, in Dresden, whither he had been despatched to

qualify in German for a stool in an uncle's counting-house, met, admired, wooed and won an American girl, of due attractions, domiciled at that period with her parents and a sister, who was also attractive, in the Saxon capital. He had married her, taken her to England, and there, after some years of harmony and happiness, lost her. The sister in question had, after her death, come to him and to his young child on a visit, the effect of which, between the pair, eventually defined itself as a sentiment that was not to be resisted. The bereaved husband, yielding to a new attachment and a new response, and finding a new union thus prescribed, had yet been forced to reckon with the unaccommodating law of the land. Encompassed with frowns in his own country, however, marriages of this particular type were wreathed in smiles in his sister's-in-law, so that his remedy was not forbidden. Choosing between two allegiances he had let the one go that seemed the least close, and had in brief transplanted his possibilities to an easier air. The knot was tied for the couple in New York, where, to protect the legitimacy of such other children as might come to them, they settled and prospered. Children came, and one of the daughters, growing up and marrying in her turn, was, if Frank rightly followed, the mother of his own Addie, who had been deprived of the knowledge of her indeed, in childhood, by death, and been brought up, though without undue tension, by a stepmother--a character breaking out thus anew.

The breach produced in England by the invidious action, as it was there held, of the girl's grandfather, had not failed to widen--all the more that nothing had been done on the American side to close it. Frigidity had settled, and hostility had been arrested only by indifference. Darkness therefore had fortunately supervened, and a cousinship completely divided. On either side of the impassable gulf, of the impenetrable curtain, each branch had put forth its leaves--a foliage failing, in the American quarter, it was distinct enough to Granger, of no sign or symptom of climate and environment. The graft in New York had taken, and Addie was a vivid, an unmistakable flower. At Flickerbridge, or wherever, on the other hand, strange to say, the parent stem had had a fortune comparatively meagre. Fortune, it was true, in the vulgarest sense, had attended neither party. Addie's immediate belongings were as poor as they were numerous, and he gathered that Miss Wenham's pretensions to wealth were not so marked as to expose the claim of kinship to the imputation of motive. To this lady's single identity the original stock had at all events dwindled, and our young man was properly warned that he would find her shy and solitary. What was singular was that in these conditions she should desire, she should endure, to receive him. But that was all another story, lucid enough when mastered. He kept Addie's letters, exceptionally copious, in his lap; he conned them at

intervals; he held the threads.

He looked out between whites at the pleasant English land, an April aquarelle washed in with wondrous breadth. He knew the French thing, he knew the American, but he had known nothing of this. He saw it already as the remarkable Miss Wenham's setting. The doctor's daughter at Flickerbridge, with nippers on her nose, a palette on her thumb and innocence in her heart, had been the miraculous link. She had become aware even there, in our world of wonders, that the current fashion for young women so equipped was to enter the Parisian lists. Addie had accordingly chanced upon her, on the slopes of Montparnasse, as one of the English girls in one of the thorough-going sets. They had met in some easy collocation and had fallen upon common ground; after which the young woman, restored to Flickerbridge for an interlude and retailing there her adventures and impressions, had mentioned to Miss Wenham who had known and protected her from babyhood, that that lady's own name of Adelaide was, as well as the surname conjoined with it, borne, to her knowledge, in Paris, by an extraordinary American specimen. She had then recrossed the Channel with a wonderful message, a courteous challenge, to her friend's duplicate, who had in turn granted through her every satisfaction. The duplicate had in other words bravely let Miss Wenham know exactly who she was. Miss Wenham, in whose personal tradition the flame of resentment appeared to have been reduced by time to the palest ashes--for whom indeed the story of the great schism was now but a legend only needing a little less dimness to make it romantic--Miss Wenham had promptly responded by a letter fragrant with the hope that old threads might be taken up. It was a relationship that they must puzzle out together, and she had earnestly sounded the other party to it on the subject of a possible visit. Addie had met her with a definite promise; she would come soon, she would come when free, she would come in July; but meanwhile she sent her deputy. Frank asked himself by what name she had described, by what character introduced him to Flickerbridge. He mainly felt on the whole as if he were going there to find out if he were engaged to her. He was at sea really now as to which of the various views Addie herself took of it. To Miss Wenham she must definitely have taken one, and perhaps Miss Wenham would reveal it. This expectation was in fact his excuse for a possible indiscretion.

### CHAPTER III

He was indeed to learn on arrival to what he had been committed; but that was for a while so much a part of his first general impression that the particular truth took time to detach itself, the first general impression demanding verily all his faculties of response. He almost felt for a day or two the victim of a practical joke, a gross abuse of confidence. He had presented himself with the moderate amount of flutter involved in a sense of due preparation; but he had then found that, however primed with prefaces and prompted with hints, he hadn't been prepared at all. How COULD he be, he asked himself, for anything so foreign to his experience, so alien to his proper world, so little to be preconceived in the sharp north light of the newest impressionism, and yet so recognised after all in the event, so noted and tasted and assimilated? It was a case he would scarce have known how to describe--could doubtless have described best with a full clean brush, supplemented by a play of gesture; for it was always his habit to see an occasion, of whatever kind, primarily as a picture, so that he might get it, as he was wont to say, so that he might keep it, well together. He had been treated of a sudden, in this adventure, to one of the sweetest fairest coolest impressions of his life--one moreover visibly complete and homogeneous from the start. Oh it was THERE, if that was all one wanted of a thing! It was so "there" that, as had befallen him in Italy, in Spain, confronted at last, in dusky side-chapel or rich museum, with great things dreamed of or with greater ones unexpectedly presented, he had held his breath for fear of breaking the spell; had almost, from the quick impulse to respect, to prolong, lowered his voice and moved on tiptoe. Supreme beauty suddenly revealed is apt to strike us as a possible illusion playing with our desire--instant freedom with it to strike us as a possible rashness.

This fortunately, however--and the more so as his freedom for the time quite left him--didn't prevent his hostess, the evening of his advent and while the vision was new, from being exactly as queer and rare and IMPAYABLE, as improbable, as impossible, as delightful at the eight o'clock dinner--she appeared to keep these immense hours--as she had overwhelmingly been at the five o'clock tea. She was in the most natural way in the world one of the oddest apparitions, but that the particular means to such an end COULD be natural was an inference difficult to make. He failed in fact to make it for a couple of days; but then--though then only--he made it with confidence. By this time indeed he was sure of everything, luckily including himself. If we compare his impression, with slight extravagance, to some of the greatest he had ever received, this is simply because the image before him was so rounded and stamped. It expressed with pure perfection, it exhausted its character. It was so absolutely and so unconsciously what it was. He had been floated by the strangest of chances out of the rushing

stream into a clear still backwater--a deep and quiet pool in which objects were sharply mirrored. He had hitherto in life known nothing that was old except a few statues and pictures; but here everything was old, was immemorial, and nothing so much so as the very freshness itself. Vaguely to have supposed there were such nooks in the world had done little enough, he now saw, to temper the glare of their opposites. It was the fine touches that counted, and these had to be seen to be believed.

Miss Wenham, fifty-five years of age and unappeasably timid, unaccountably strange, had, on her reduced scale, an almost Gothic grotesqueness; but the final effect of one's sense of it was an amenity that accompanied one's steps like wafted gratitude. More flurried, more spasmodic, more apologetic, more completely at a loss at one moment and more precipitately abounding at another, he had never before in all his days seen any maiden lady; yet for no maiden lady he had ever seen had he so promptly conceived a private enthusiasm. Her eyes protruded, her chin receded and her nose carried on in conversation a queer little independent motion. She wore on the top of her head an upright circular cap that made her resemble a caryatid disburdened, and on other parts of her person strange combinations of colours, stuffs, shapes, of metal, mineral and plant. The tones of her voice rose and fell, her facial convulsions, whether tending--one could scarce make out--to expression or REpression, succeeded each other by a law of their own; she was embarrassed at nothing and at everything, frightened at everything and at nothing, and she approached objects, subjects, the simplest questions and answers and the whole material of intercourse, either with the indirectness of terror or with the violence of despair. These things, none the less, her refinements of oddity and intensities of custom, her betrayal at once of conventions and simplicities, of ease and of agony, her roundabout retarded suggestions and perceptions, still permitted her to strike her guest as irresistibly charming. He didn't know what to call it; she was a fruit of time. She had a queer distinction. She had been expensively produced and there would be a good deal more of her to come.

The result of the whole quality of her welcome, at any rate, was that the first evening, in his room, before going to bed, he relieved his mind in a letter to Addie, which, if space allowed us to embody it in our text, would usefully perform the office of a "plate." It would enable us to present ourselves as profusely illustrated. But the process of reproduction, as we say, costs. He wished his friend to know how grandly their affair turned out. She had put him in the way of something absolutely special--an old house untouched, untouchable, indescribable, an old corner such as one didn't believe existed, and the holy calm of which made the



chatter of studios, the smell of paint, the slang of critics, the whole sense and sound of Paris, come back as so many signs of a huge monkey-cage. He moved about, restless, while he wrote; he lighted cigarettes and, nervous and suddenly scrupulous, put them out again; the night was mild and one of the windows of his large high room, which stood over the garden, was up. He lost himself in the things about him, in the type of the room, the last century with not a chair moved, not a point stretched. He hung over the objects and ornaments, blissfully few and adorably good, perfect pieces all, and never one, for a change, French. The scene was as rare as some fine old print with the best bits down in the corners. Old books and old pictures, allusions remembered and aspects conjectured, reappeared to him; he knew not what anxious islanders had been trying for in their backward hunt for the homely. But the homely at Flickerbridge was all style, even as style at the same time was mere honesty. The larger, the smaller past--he scarce knew which to call it--was at all events so hushed to sleep round him as he wrote that he had almost a bad conscience about having come. How one might love it, but how one might spoil it! To look at it too hard was positively to make it conscious, and to make it conscious was positively to wake it up. Its only safety, of a truth, was to be left still to sleep--to sleep in its large fair chambers and under its high clean canopies.

He added thus restlessly a line to his letter, maundered round the room again, noted and fingered something else, and then, dropping on the old flowered sofa, sustained by the tight cubes of its cushions, yielded afresh to the cigarette, hesitated, stared, wrote a few words more. He wanted Addie to know, that was what he most felt, unless he perhaps felt, more how much she herself would want to. Yes, what he supremely saw was all that Addie would make of it. Up to his neck in it there he fairly turned cold at the sense of suppressed opportunity, of the outrage of privation that his correspondent would retrospectively and, as he even divined with a vague shudder, almost vindictively nurse. Well, what had happened was that the acquaintance had been kept for her, like a packet enveloped and sealed for delivery, till her attention was free. He saw her there, heard her and felt her--felt how she would feel and how she would, as she usually said, "rave." Some of her young compatriots called it "yell," and in the reference itself, alas! illustrated their meaning. She would understand the place at any rate, down to the ground; there wasn't the slightest doubt of that. Her sense of it would be exactly like his own, and he could see, in anticipation, just the terms of recognition and rapture in which she would abound. He knew just what she would call quaint, just what she would call bland, just what she would call weird, just what she would call wild. She would take it all in with an intelligence much more fitted than his own, in fact, to deal with

what he supposed he must regard as its literary relations. She would have read the long-winded obsolete memoirs and novels that both the figures and the setting ought clearly to remind one of; she would know about the past generations--the lumbering country magnates and their turbaned wives and round-eyed daughters, who, in other days, had treated the ruddy sturdy tradeless town,--the solid square houses and wide walled gardens, the streets to-day all grass and gossip, as the scene of a local "season." She would have warrant for the assemblies, dinners, deep potations; for the smoked sconces in the dusky parlours; for the long muddy century of family coaches, "holsters," highwaymen. She would put a finger in short, just as he had done, on the vital spot--the rich humility of the whole thing, the fact that neither Flickerbridge in general nor Miss Wenham in particular, nor anything nor any one concerned, had a suspicion of their characters and their merit. Addie and he would have to come to let in light.

He let it in then, little by little, before going to bed, through the eight or ten pages he addressed to her; assured her that it was the happiest case in the world, a little picture--yet full of "style" too--absolutely composed and transmitted, with tradition, and tradition only, in every stroke, tradition still noiselessly breathing and visibly flushing, marking strange hours in the tall mahogany clocks that were never wound up and that yet audibly ticked on. All the elements, he was sure he should see, would hang together with a charm, presenting his hostess--a strange iridescent fish for the glazed exposure of an aquarium--as afloat in her native medium. He left his letter open on the table, but, looking it over next morning, felt of a sudden indisposed to send it. He would keep it to add more, for there would be more to know; yet when three days had elapsed he still had not sent it. He sent instead, after delay, a much briefer report, which he was moved to make different and, for some reason, less vivid. Meanwhile he learned from Miss Wenham how Addie had introduced him. It took time to arrive with her at that point, but after the Rubicon was crossed they went far afield.

## CHAPTER IV

"Oh yes, she said you were engaged to her. That was why--since I HAD broken out--she thought I might like to see you; as I assure you I've been so delighted to. But AREN'T you?" the good lady asked as if she saw in his face some ground for doubt.

"Assuredly--if she says so. It may seem very odd to you, but I haven't known, and yet I've felt that, being nothing whatever to you directly, I need some warrant for consenting thus to be thrust on you. We WERE," the young man explained, "engaged a year ago; but since then (if you don't mind my telling you such things; I feel now as if I could tell you anything!) I haven't quite known how I stand. It hasn't seemed we were in a position to marry. Things are better now, but I haven't quite known how she'd see them. They were so bad six months ago that I understood her, I thought, as breaking off. I haven't broken; I've only accepted, for the time--because men must be easy with women--being treated as 'the best of friends.' Well, I try to be. I wouldn't have come here if I hadn't been. I thought it would be charming for her to know you--when I heard from her the extraordinary way you had dawned upon her; and charming therefore if I could help her to it. And if I'm helping you to know HER," he went on, "isn't that charming too?"

"Oh I so want to!" Miss Wenham murmured in her unpractical impersonal way. "You're so different!" she wistfully declared.

"It's YOU, if I may respectfully, ecstatically say so, who are different. That's the point of it all. I'm not sure that anything so terrible really ought to happen to you as to know us."

"Well," said Miss Wenham, "I do know you a little by this time, don't I? And I don't find it terrible. It's a delightful change for me."

"Oh I'm not sure you ought to have a delightful change!"

"Why not--if you do?"

"Ah I can bear it. I'm not sure you can. I'm too bad to spoil--I AM spoiled. I'm nobody, in short; I'm nothing. I've no type. You're ALL type. It has taken delicious long years of security and monotony to produce you. You fit your frame with a perfection only equalled by the perfection with which your frame fits you. So this admirable old house, all time-softened white within and time-faded red without, so everything that surrounds you here and that has, by some extraordinary mercy, escaped the inevitable fate of exploitation: so it all, I say, is the sort of thing that, were it the least bit to fall to pieces, could never, ah never more be put together again. I have, dear Miss Wenham," Granger went on, happy himself in his extravagance, which was yet all sincere, and happier still in her deep but altogether pleased mystification--"I've found, do you know, just the thing one has ever heard of that you most resemble. You're the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."

He still had no compunction when he heard her bewilderedly sigh: "Oh you're too delightfully droll!"

"No, I only put things just as they are, and as I've also learned a little, thank heaven, to see them--which isn't, I quite agree with you, at all what any one does. You're in the deep doze of the spell that has held you for long years, and it would be a shame, a crime, to wake you up. Indeed I already feel with a thousand scruples that I'm giving you the fatal shake. I say it even though it makes me sound a little as if I thought myself the fairy prince."

She gazed at him with her queerest kindest look, which he was getting used to in spite of a faint fear, at the back of his head, of the strange things that sometimes occurred when lonely ladies, however mature, began to look at interesting young men from over the seas as if the young men desired to flirt. "It's so wonderful," she said, "that you should be so very odd and yet so very good-natured." Well, it all came to the same thing--it was so wonderful that SHE should be so simple and yet so little of a bore. He accepted with gratitude the theory of his languor--which moreover was real enough and partly perhaps why he was so sensitive; he let himself go as a convalescent, let her insist on the weakness always left by fever. It helped him to gain time, to preserve the spell even while he talked of breaking it; saw him through slow strolls and soft sessions, long gossips, fitful hopeless questions--there was so much more to tell than, by any contortion, she COULD--and explanations addressed gallantly and patiently to her understanding, but not, by good fortune, really reaching it. They were perfectly at cross-purposes, and it was the better, and they wandered together in the silver haze with all communication blurred.

When they sat in the sun in her formal garden he quite knew how little even the tenderest consideration failed to disguise his treating her as the most exquisite of curiosities. The term of comparison most present to him was that of some obsolete musical instrument. The old-time order of her mind and her air had the stillness of a painted spinnet that was duly dusted, gently rubbed, but never tuned nor played on. Her opinions were like dried rose-leaves; her attitudes like British sculpture; her voice what he imagined of the possible tone of the old gilded silver-stringed harp in one of the corners of the drawing-room. The lonely little decencies and modest dignities of her life, the fine grain of its conservatism, the innocence of its ignorance, all its monotony of stupidity and salubrity, its cold dulness and dim brightness, were there before him. Meanwhile within him strange things took place.

It was literally true that his impression began again, after a lull, to make him nervous and anxious, and for reasons peculiarly confused, almost grotesquely mingled, or at least comically sharp. He was distinctly an agitation and a new taste--that he could see; and he saw quite as much therefore the excitement she already drew from the vision of Addie, an image intensified by the sense of closer kinship and presented to her, clearly, with various erratic enhancements, by her friend the doctor's daughter. At the end of a few days he said to her: "Do you know she wants to come without waiting any longer? She wants to come while I'm here. I received this morning her letter proposing it, but I've been thinking it over and have waited to speak to you. The thing is, you see, that if she writes to YOU proposing it--"

"Oh I shall be so particularly glad!"

## CHAPTER V

They were as usual in the garden, and it hadn't yet been so present to him that if he were only a happy cad there would be a good way to protect her. As she wouldn't hear of his being yet beyond precautions she had gone into the house for a particular shawl that was just the thing for his knees, and, blinking in the watery sunshine, had come back with it across the fine little lawn. He was neither fatuous nor asinine, but he had almost to put it to himself as a small task to resist the sense of his absurd advantage with her. It filled him with horror and awkwardness, made him think of he didn't know what, recalled something of Maupassant's--the smitten "Miss Harriet" and her tragic fate. There was a preposterous possibility--yes, he held the strings quite in his hands--of keeping the treasure for himself. That was the art of life--what the real artist would consistently do. He would close the door on his impression, treat it as a private museum. He would see that he could lounge and linger there, live with wonderful things there, lie up there to rest and refit. For himself he was sure that after a little he should be able to paint there--do things in a key he had never thought of before. When she brought him the rug he took it from her and made her sit down on the bench and resume her knitting; then, passing behind her with a laugh, he placed it over her own shoulders; after which he moved to and fro before her, his hands in his pockets and his cigarette in his teeth. He was ashamed of the cigarette--a villainous false note; but she allowed, liked, begged him to smoke, and what he said to her on it, in one of the pleasantries she benevolently missed, was

that he did so for fear of doing worse. That only showed how the end was really in sight. "I dare say it will strike you as quite awful, what I'm going to say to you, but I can't help it. I speak out of the depths of my respect for you. It will seem to you horrid disloyalty to poor Addie. Yes--there we are; there \_I\_ am at least in my naked monstrosity." He stopped and looked at her till she might have been almost frightened. "Don't let her come. Tell her not to. I've tried to prevent it, but she suspects."

The poor woman wondered. "Suspects?"

"Well, I drew it, in writing to her, on reflexion, as mild as I could--having been visited in the watches of the night by the instinct of what might happen. Something told me to keep back my first letter--in which, under the first impression, I myself rashly 'raved'; and I concocted instead of it an insincere and guarded report. But guarded as I was I clearly didn't keep you 'down,' as we say, enough. The wonder of your colour--daub you over with grey as I might--must have come through and told the tale. She scents battle from afar--by which I mean she scents 'quaintness.' But keep her off. It's hideous, what I'm saying--but I owe it to you. I owe it to the world. She'll kill you."

"You mean I shan't get on with her?"

"Oh fatally! See how \_I\_ have. And see how you have with ME. She's intelligent, moreover, remarkably pretty, remarkably good. And she'll adore you."

"Well then?"

"Why that will be just how she'll do for you."

"Oh I can hold my own!" said Miss Wenham with the headshake of a horse making his sleigh-bells rattle in frosty air.

"Ah but you can't hold hers! She'll rave about you. She'll write about you. You're Niagara before the first white traveller--and you know, or rather you can't know, what Niagara became AFTER that gentleman. Addie will have discovered Niagara. She'll understand you in perfection; she'll feel you down to the ground; not a delicate shade of you will she lose or let any one else lose. You'll be too weird for words, but the words will nevertheless come. You'll be too exactly the real thing and be left too utterly just as you are, and all Addie's friends and all Addie's editors and contributors and readers will cross the Atlantic and flock to Flickerbridge just in order so--unanimously, universally, vociferously--to leave you. You'll be in the magazines with

illustrations; you'll be in the papers with headings; you'll be everywhere with everything. You don't understand--you think you do, but you don't. Heaven forbid you SHOULD understand! That's just your beauty--your 'sleeping' beauty. But you needn't. You can take me on trust. Don't have her. Give as a pretext, as a reason, anything in the world you like. Lie to her--scare her away. I'll go away and give you up--I'll sacrifice everything myself." Granger pursued his exhortation, convincing himself more and more. "If I saw my way out, my way completely through, I'd pile up some fabric of fiction for her--I should only want to be sure of its not tumbling down. One would have, you see, to keep the thing up. But I'd throw dust in her eyes. I'd tell her you don't do at all--that you're not in fact a desirable acquaintance. I'd tell her you're vulgar, improper, scandalous; I'd tell her you're mercenary, designing, dangerous; I'd tell her the only safe course is immediately to let you drop. I'd thus surround you with an impenetrable legend of conscientious misrepresentation, a circle of pious fraud, and all the while privately keep you for myself."

She had listened to him as if he were a band of music and she herself a small shy garden-party. "I shouldn't like you to go away. I shouldn't in the least like you not to come again."

"Ah there it is!" he replied. "How can I come again if Addie ruins you?"

"But how will she ruin me--even if she does what you say? I know I'm too old to change and really much too queer to please in any of the extraordinary ways you speak of. If it's a question of quizzing me I don't think my cousin, or any one else, will have quite the hand for it that YOU seem to have. So that if YOU haven't ruined me--!"

"But I HAVE--that's just the point!" Granger insisted. "I've undermined you at least. I've left after all terribly little for Addie to do."

She laughed in clear tones. "Well then, we'll admit that you've done everything but frighten me."

He looked at her with surpassing gloom. "No--that again is one of the most dreadful features. You'll positively like it--what's to come. You'll be caught up in a chariot of fire like the prophet--wasn't there, was there one?--of old. That's exactly why--if one could but have done it--you'd have been to be kept ignorant and helpless. There's something or other in Latin that says it's the finest things that change the most easily for the worse. You already enjoy your dishonour and revel in your shame. It's too

late--you're lost!"

## CHAPTER VI

All this was as pleasant a manner of passing the time as any other, for it didn't prevent his old-world corner from closing round him more entirely, nor stand in the way of his making out from day to day some new source as well as some new effect of its virtue. He was really scared at moments at some of the liberties he took in talk--at finding himself so familiar; for the great note of the place was just that a certain modern ease had never crossed its threshold, that quick intimacies and quick oblivions were a stranger to its air. It had known in all its days no rude, no loud invasion. Serenely unconscious of most contemporary things, it had been so of nothing so much as of the diffused social practice of running in and out. Granger held his breath on occasions to think how Addie would run. There were moments when, more than at others, for some reason, he heard her step on the staircase and her cry in the hall. If he nevertheless played freely with the idea with which we have shown him as occupied it wasn't that in all palpable ways he didn't sacrifice so far as mortally possible to stillness. He only hovered, ever so lightly, to take up again his thread. She wouldn't hear of his leaving her, of his being in the least fit again, as she said, to travel. She spoke of the journey to London--which was in fact a matter of many hours--as an experiment fraught with lurking complications. He added then day to day, yet only hereby, as he reminded her, giving other complications a larger chance to multiply. He kept it before her, when there was nothing else to do, that she must consider; after which he had his times of fear that she perhaps really would make for him this sacrifice.

He knew she had written again to Paris, and knew he must himself again write--a situation abounding for each in the elements of a plight. If he stayed so long why then he wasn't better, and if he wasn't better Addie might take it into her head--! They must make it clear that he WAS better, so that, suspicious, alarmed at what was kept from her, she shouldn't suddenly present herself to nurse him. If he was better, however, why did he stay so long? If he stayed only for the attraction the sense of the attraction might be contagious. This was what finally grew clearest for him, so that he had for his mild disciple hours of still sharper prophecy. It consorted with his fancy to represent to her that their young friend had been by this time unsparingly warned; but nothing could be plainer than that this was ineffectual so long as he himself



resisted the ordeal. To plead that he remained because he was too weak to move was only to throw themselves back on the other horn of their dilemma. If he was too weak to move Addie would bring him her strength--of which, when she got there, she would give them specimens enough. One morning he broke out at breakfast with an intimate conviction. They'd see that she was actually starting--they'd receive a wire by noon. They didn't receive it, but by his theory the portent was only the stronger. It had moreover its grave as well as its gay side, since Granger's paradox and pleasantry were only the method most open to him of conveying what he felt. He literally heard the knell sound, and in expressing this to Miss Wenham with the conversational freedom that seemed best to pay his way he the more vividly faced the contingency. He could never return, and though he announced it with a despair that did what might be to make it pass as a joke, he saw how, whether or no she at last understood, she quite at last believed him. On this, to his knowledge, she wrote again to Addie, and the contents of her letter excited his curiosity. But that sentiment, though not assuaged, quite dropped when, the day after, in the evening, she let him know she had had a telegram an hour before.

"She comes Thursday."

He showed not the least surprise. It was the deep calm of the fatalist. It HAD to be. "I must leave you then to-morrow."

She looked, on this, as he had never seen her; it would have been hard to say whether what showed in her face was the last failure to follow or the first effort to meet. "And really not to come back?"

"Never, never, dear lady. Why should I come back? You can never be again what you HAVE been. I shall have seen the last of you."

"Oh!" she touchingly urged.

"Yes, for I should next find you simply brought to self-consciousness. You'll be exactly what you are, I charitably admit--nothing more or less, nothing different. But you'll be it all in a different way. We live in an age of prodigious machinery, all organised to a single end. That end is publicity--a publicity as ferocious as the appetite of a cannibal. The thing therefore is not to have any illusions--fondly to flatter yourself in a muddled moment that the cannibal will spare you. He spares nobody. He spares nothing. It will be all right. You'll have a lovely time. You'll be only just a public character--blown about the world 'for all you're worth,' and proclaimed 'for all you're worth' on the house-tops. It will be for THAT, mind, I quite recognise--because Addie is superior--as well as for all you aren't. So good-bye."

He remained however till the next day, and noted at intervals the different stages of their friend's journey; the hour, this time, she would really have started, the hour she'd reach Dover, the hour she'd get to town, where she'd alight at Mrs. Dunn's. Perhaps she'd bring Mrs. Dunn, for Mrs. Dunn would swell the chorus. At the last, on the morrow, as if in anticipation of this stillness settled between them: he became as silent as his hostess. But before he went she brought out shyly and anxiously, as an appeal, the question that for hours had clearly been giving her thought. "Do you meet her then to-night in London?"

"Dear no. In what position am I, alas! to do that? When can I EVER meet her again?" He had turned it all over. "If I could meet Addie after this, you know, I could meet YOU. And if I do meet Addie," he lucidly pursued, "what will happen by the same stroke is that I SHALL meet you. And that's just what I've explained to you I dread."

"You mean she and I will be inseparable?"

He hesitated. "I mean she'll tell me all about you. I can hear her and her ravings now."

She gave again--and it was infinitely sad--her little whinnying laugh. "Oh but if what you say is true you'll know."

"Ah but Addie won't! Won't, I mean, know that \_I\_ know--or at least won't believe it. Won't believe that any one knows. Such," he added with a strange smothered sigh, "is Addie. Do you know," he wound up, "that what, after all, has most definitely happened is that you've made me see her as I've never done before?"

She blinked and gasped, she wondered and despaired. "Oh no, it will be YOU. I've had nothing to do with it. Everything's all you!"

But for all it mattered now! "You'll see," he said, "that she's charming. I shall go for to-night to Oxford. I shall almost cross her on the way."

"Then if she's charming what am I to tell her from you in explanation of such strange behaviour as your flying away just as she arrives?"

"Ah you needn't mind about that--you needn't tell her anything."

She fixed him as if as never again. "It's none of my business, of

course I feel; but isn't it a little cruel if you're engaged?"

Granger gave a laugh almost as odd as one of her own. "Oh you've cost me that!"--and he put out his hand to her.

She wondered while she took it. "Cost you--?"

"We're not engaged. Good-bye."

---

## AT BAY ST. LOUIS.

by Alice Ruth Moore  
from *Violets and Other Tales*  
eBook #18713

Soft breezes blow and swiftly show  
Through fragrant orange branches parted,  
A maiden fair, with sun-flecked hair,  
Caressed by arrows, golden darted.  
The vine-clad tree holds forth to me  
A promise sweet of purple blooms,  
And chirping bird, scarce seen but heard  
Sings dreamily, and sweetly croons  
At Bay St. Louis.

The hammock swinging, idly singing,  
Lissome nut-brown maid  
Swings gaily, freely, to-and-fro;  
The curling, green-white waters casting cool, clear shade,  
Rock small, shell boats that go  
In circles wide, or tug at anchor's chain,  
As though to skim the sea with cargo vain,  
At Bay St. Louis.

The maid swings slower, slower to-and-fro,  
And sunbeams kiss gray, dreamy half-closed eyes;  
Fond lover creeping on with foot steps slow,  
Gives gentle kiss, and smiles at sweet surprise.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lengthening shadows tell that eve is nigh,  
And fragrant zephyrs cool and calmer grow,  
Yet still the lover lingers, and scarce breathed sigh,  
Bids the swift hours to pause, nor go,  
At Bay St. Louis.

Compilation by PDGazette  
July 2015, from Public Domain sources.  
Font: BellGothic; Format: OpenOffice C5